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CHRONICLE.

THE Strand election was decided on Tuesday
Home Politics. **T** in favour of Mr. FREDERICK SMITH by the very satisfactory majority of 3,006—a majority all the more satisfactory when it is remembered that the election was a bye, that the Unionist candidate was a perfectly untried man, while the Gladstonian has been exhibiting such activity as he possessed to the constituency for a considerable time, and that the certainty of the result was likely to exercise its usual benumbing effect on the stronger party. As, however, the majority is somewhat smaller than that obtained by the late First Lord, the trusted representative of the constituency for twenty years, Gladstonians profess themselves greatly delighted. All we can say is, that we hope it may be their lot to be *so battus et contents* in every constituency in the kingdom. —The Cork contest is going on with a good deal of feeling, active and passive. Indeed the Irishman appears to be returning to his natural condition—"his heart soft "with whisky, his head soft with blows," as bards sang in happier days. North Kilkenny was allowed to go by default to Anti-Parnellite No. 60, or whatever the gentleman's number is, and the mild and not-of-this-world theology of Maynooth has avenged itself of Dr. KENNY's Parnellism by refusing to let him prescribe for the students' maladies, lest he should inoculate them with political heresy. Sharpights are also going on between the *Freeman* and the *National Press*, and in short all is bliss and blackthorns.

Foreign and Colonial Foreign News of the end of last week was the **Affairs.** reported determination of President HARRISON and his advisers to make a spread-eagle affair of the row between Chilians and American sailors at Valparaiso. It was said that the PRESIDENT had (perhaps with one eye on a certain election) nobly declared that "he would have no "more of this business with any nation," and that Captain SCHLEY of the *Baltimore* had affirmed that he, Captain SCHLEY, was "losing his self-respect." That eminently respectable representative of a great nation, Mr. PATRICK EGAN, was to demand satisfaction and to be supported by countless ships of war. Afterwards things quieted down a little, and, indeed, cooler comparison of the Chilian and United States navies may have had something to do with this. The same consideration seems to have prevailed with Chili, if it is true that she refuses to be bullied. —The details of the Russian famine are rather horrible.—During the present week also news from abroad has continued to "run small," the principal item of importance being M. RIBOT's pre-arranged answers to the interpellations of M. DELONCLE, a well-known colonial Chauvinist, and M. DELAFOSSE, who was curious about Italy. The French MINISTER of FOREIGN AFFAIRS, though, of course, speaking from his own point of view, and obviously somewhat in the condition of the little wanton boys that float on bladders—the bladders of the Russian understanding—was, on the whole, moderate and becoming in his tone of reply, especially in regard to Italy. He pooh-poohed the trumpery Nice incident, and passed slightly over the pilgrimage difficulty with a vindication of the conduct of the Government. M. DELONCLE's anxieties about Tuat and other Saharian cases were allayed; and we, for our part, only wish that France to the south of the demarcation line would behave as loyally as England is sure to do to the north. The peaceable character of the Franco-Russian *entente* was next vaunted. With the Egyptian part of the reply we deal elsewhere.—Very heavy deficits were reported in the affairs of the German East Africa Company; and, indeed, all such Companies must be prepared to spoil not a few horns before making a

spoon.—It is satisfactory to find that Mr. DIBBS, the Opposition leader in New South Wales, has been able to form a Ministry without the assistance of the Labour party, who practically turned Sir H. PARKES out.—Ministerial troubles in Canada continue.—It has been officially announced from German East Africa that EMIN PASHA, as has been all along suspected, has been unable to resist the temptation of attempting to revisit the Equatorial Province, and is making for the Albert Nyanza. This is, of course, flat mutiny in the first place—for he was forbidden to do so by his German employers—and invasion of the English sphere in the second. It is possible (for EMIN's strategic powers were never very great) that the natives may prevent any complication arising; but such a complication is not impossible, and might be very awkward.—The insurrection in Yemen appears to be giving the Turks a great deal of trouble, and its neighbourhood to Aden is unfortunate.—Prince BISMARCK, or his organ the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, has been kind enough to sketch out a paper system of Home Rule for Ireland; and doubtless paper is a noble thing.

Mr. BALFOUR finished up his Lancashire series of speeches last week at Bury on Friday and Accrington on Saturday. On the first-named day Lord HARTINGTON spoke also in Lancashire, on technical education, and on the latter day Mr. MORLEY, unveiling, at Rochdale, another of the statues which are springing up so plentifully to Mr. BRIGHT, spoke more enthusiastically than Lord DERBY, and even discovered "toleration" in Mr. BRIGHT's highly respectable character—which is what we own we never should have thought of.—Nor did the supply cease with the opening of the present week, though Mr. BALFOUR was allowed to rest from his labours. On Monday Mr. JOHN MORLEY delivered at Manchester an exceedingly lively and angry reply to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Between these two eminent persons we can afford, like the Laureate, to "stand and mark." In the character of markers we may observe that Mr. MORLEY was very noble on the baseness of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's condemnation of his former colleagues, but perhaps a little elusive of the fact that divers of those former colleagues have executed some peculiar evolutions since. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, no platform being handy for him to take up his return parable, administered the retort courteous to Mr. MORLEY in the columns of the *Times* on Thursday, and the friendship of these friends was good to see. On Monday also Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH spoke at Kendal, Sir HENRY JAMES at Bridgewater, and Mr. RITCHIE at Dundee. Nor was Mr. MORLEY's voice quenched on Tuesday, when, still at Manchester, he uplifted it to justify the right of ten habitual drunkards who keep their own cellars stocked with spirits and never go to bed sober to keep nine sober men from a daily glass of beer at the public-house. For that is what local option would permit and what it logically means. Mr. MORLEY also thought the conduct of Quarter Sessions "outrageous." But, as Mr. MORLEY may be said to have started in politics with the principle that Quarter Sessions are outrageous, he is less effective on that subject than on some others. On the same day Mr. LABOUCHERE spoke at Bury, and, strange to say, expressed the worst opinion of "peers, parsons, and pothouse-keepers." There was much less talk on Wednesday and Thursday; but the SPEAKER returned to his favourite subject of technical education, and Mr. COURTNEY made the principal speech of his Cornish tour, as usual, at Liskeard.

The Law Courts. A rather interesting ceremony took place at the Guildhall on Wednesday, when the LORD MAYOR formally welcomed the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Mr. Justice WILLS on the resumption of sittings



there after nearly ten years' disuse. Would that a good many other sensible things which have been disused in the stupid alteration-mania of late years could be resumed likewise!

Great stir has been kept in the newspapers Correspondence throughout the earlier part of the week on the Greek question at Cambridge, the result of which we discuss elsewhere. Letter-writers of all kinds have contributed to the enlightenment of the electors, and have occasionally disclosed their own want of it. In particular, a very remarkable obtuseness seems to prevail as to the reasons by which, perhaps unconsciously, the headmasters of the great schools are influenced in opposing compulsory Greek. Yet these reasons are capable of being stated pretty briefly and pretty convincingly. First, the alteration would save them a great deal of trouble; secondly, it would attract many more boys to their schools; thirdly, they would practically have the monopoly of Greek teaching. The most delightful incident of the whole business, perhaps, is the announcement, "with particular pleasure," by the *Daily News* that Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR was in favour of the Grace. This announcement, agreeable in many ways, is most agreeable as showing that Sir WILLIAM HAROURT's doctrine of "Captain's orders, gentle-men!" has sunk so deeply into Gladstonians that they think all other men must feel its truth. If Mr. GLADSTONE said "Greek," the items would, no doubt, vote "Greek," and if he said "No Greek," they would vote "No Greek." But Tories have not so learned either politics or other things, and the Grace was rejected by nearly three to one on a large poll.—On Monday morning a correspondence was published in which Mr. GOSCHEN, having caught Mr. G. P. FULLER, Gladstonian member for one of the Wiltshire divisions, tripping, administered to him an awful castigation, which, so far as we have seen, Mr. FULLER has "taken lying down." He had, indeed, no defence to offer. (It is true that some days later his big brother, Sir WILLIAM HAROURT, wrote him a very big letter to show that Mr. GOSCHEN was all wrong; but who goes to Sir WILLIAM HAROURT for finance?) Although the subject, being financial, was of the class termed "dry," the letters are worthy of every one's attention. An outspoken person now dead described the 1880 election as having been won by "hard lying." It is, however, impossible to produce much effect that way, unless, besides the hard liars, you have a certain number of soft believers who perhaps honestly take and repeat the lies on trust. Of these Mr. G. P. FULLER appears (and of course Sir WILLIAM also) to be, and of such (with the others) is the Kingdom of Mr. GLADSTONE.—Amid a vast mass of correspondence on other subjects, a quaint proposal of Admiral COCHRANE for free ferries over St. George's Channel may be noted. But why limit it to ferries? Why not at once run up the brave old motto, "Base is the slave who pays" for anything? Ah! sweet JACK CADE, truly wert thou a "much misunderstood politician." Another agreeable person, a "Norfolk Farmer's Daughter," in reference to a sketch of old farming days in the *Times*, remarked severely on the "uneducated" character of the farmer who "deals largely in provincialisms," and on the "vulgarity" of his wife, who was guilty of the shocking expression that a certain "little chap wanted belly-timber." An invaluable Norfolk Farmer's Daughter.

The London County Council, or rather its incorrigible majority, succeeded on Tuesday in getting the resolution for purchasing tramways through. What this means in the way of risk to the ratepayers, an article which we published last week, and another which we publish this week, will show. But if the said ratepayers are roused from their indifference by this reckless gambling with their money to turn out the gamblers neck and crop at the next election, then Tuesday will be a white day in London records. The Council had previously provoked a storm of outcries even from some persons not unfavourably disposed to it in general by out-Heroding its own HEROD in the matter of licences. To mention nothing else, as we discuss this subject also elsewhere, it may be observed that certain of its members actually engaged counsel to oppose the granting of licences in cases where they, as members of the Council, were judges. In a nation governed by intelligence such conduct would, of course, involve the instant forfeiture of his position by the culprit, and a heavy penalty besides. As it was, Messrs. LIDGETT, LEON, BEACHCROFT, and McDougall (for it is well to pillory their most unrespectable names) escaped with the

mild suggestion from Sir JOHN LUBBOCK that they had better not vote.

Lord SALISBURY, as usual lately, has been fortunate in his appointment to the Deanery of Christchurch. Indeed, it is doubtful whether a better appointment could possibly have been made; Canon PAGET being a good scholar, a good preacher, a successful tutor and organizer, a sound Churchman and politician, and thoroughly imbued with the traditions of "the House." Nor can a man of forty be considered too young for any post.—On Monday a severe collision in the Channel, with the loss of fifteen lives, was reported.—The LORD CHANCELLOR received the Lord Mayor elect, Alderman EVANS; and the Liberation Society at its autumn meeting displayed its usual disinterested zeal for unloading the Church of England of the thick clay which encumbers her.—The Bishop of Truro was enthroned on Wednesday. The Labour Commission has resumed its sittings.

Sport. The Newmarket Houghton Meeting opened on Tuesday with weather bad, though not so bad as that of the Second October, and with a card rather full than interesting. The Criterion Stakes, which went to Mortgage, was the principal event. The Cambridgeshire, next day, had the advantage of excellent weather, a large and pretty good field, tolerably open betting, and a capital start. It was won by Mr. FULTON'S Comedy, who had started at equal odds with the Duke of PORTLAND'S Memoir. Memoir, however, was quite beaten off; but Lord HASTINGS'S Breach and the PRINCE OF WALES'S Derelict fought it out with Comedy, running second and third. Unfortunately the previous running of the winner had been so inconsistent with this result that the Stewards ordered an inquiry into it. The most noteworthy of the other races were the Selling Stakes, which were won well by Mr. COSMO BONSOR'S Thessalia, and the New Nursery Plate, which fell to Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD'S Queen of the Riding. The third day opened with a capital race in the Subscription Stakes, where Galloping Queen and Lorette ran a dead heat, and Marvel, the third, was but a head behind. The Duke of WESTMINSTER'S Orme, with heavy odds on him, justified them by winning the Dewhurst Plate easily, and at the end of the day Mr. HOULDWORTH'S Orvieto, contrary to expectation, and with more than a stone the worst of the weights, ran away from Lord ZETLAND'S Patrick Blue, who had been made a strong favourite for the Free Handicap.

Obituary. It seems probable that Colonel HEWETT, who died this week at Southampton, at the age of ninety-six, was actually the last Waterloo-officer.—Lady QUAIN, the wife of one of the most popular of doctors, had many friends; and Mr. WALLIS, late of South Kensington, was one of our chief authorities on art as applied to manufactures.—Dr. SCRIVENER was probably the first living, and certainly the first living English, scholar in New Testament Greek.

Books, &c. One of the most interesting books of the week—*Mémoires de Marbot* (Paris: PLON), of which we shall hope to speak at length.—Mr. LECKY, like Mr. RUSKIN, has appeared with *Poems* (LONGMANS). We do not observe *Ephippia bovis* on the cover, but it certainly should be there.—An interesting life of the "fightingest" of English soldiers, General CRAUFURD (GRIFFITH & FARRAN); the Reminiscences of the late Mr. COPE, R.A. (BENTLEY); and a capital poetry-book for boys, entitled *Lyra Heroica*, and edited by Mr. W. E. HENLEY (NUTT or METHUEN), may be mentioned.

COUNTY COUNCIL LICENSING.

FTER the scandalous misconduct of their licensing proceedings, it is clear that the London County Council might do worse than act upon the suggestion of one of themselves, and present an humble petition to Parliament to be relieved of the powers entrusted to them. Not that there was the smallest need for Mr. GRIGSBY's very frank confession of incapacity. Their burlesque of justice in the cases of Messrs. AKKERSDYKE and TEMENIA more than sufficed to show that the majority of the Council either do not understand the judicial powers they are called upon to exercise, or are willing to abuse those powers to further their

own fanatical aims. If they do not know their function, it cannot be for lack of instruction; for at every meeting Sir JOHN LUBBOCK has been assiduous in enlightening their ignorance or in correcting their ridiculous pretensions. On this occasion, however, the Chairman allowed them an unchecked course. He could, by rightly and promptly using his authority, have avoided the unpleasant position he was compelled to assume. But Sir JOHN LUBBOCK begged the plain issue before him. Instead of pronouncing at once upon the preposterous claims of four members of the Licensing Committee to be heard through counsel, he allowed that counsel to give his reasons for claiming to represent them. Now, if these four members had been of a sudden struck of a palsy, and incapable of speech, there had been some pretext for such a claim. But they were all perfectly able to appear and to speak. There was no earthly reason why the Council's rules of procedure should be permitted to lapse on their behalf. To hear their reasons for claiming to be represented by counsel was not quite the same thing as to allow counsel to give his reasons for claiming to represent them. Had the Chairman followed the former course, he could have nipped in the bud the attempt of these four Councillors to act as prosecutors and judges in the cases of Messrs. AKKERSDYKE and TEMENIA. And he would have saved himself the undignified position of giving a fruitless casting vote on a question that never should have arisen. When Mr. AKKERSDYKE's application for the renewal of his dancing and music licence came on for hearing, the shyness of Messrs. LIDGETT, LEON, BEACHCROFT, and McDougall was very soon explained. Mr. AKKERSDYKE has occupied licensed premises near the Tower, without reproach, for six years. The other applicant, Mr. TEMENIA, has conducted for sixteen years a similar establishment in that neighbourhood, without incurring any complaints from the police. During the last twelve months these landlords have expended large sums of money in compliance with the demands of the Council, and the work required has been executed within the prescribed times, to the full satisfaction of the Council's architect. The district inspector of police testified to the good conduct of both houses. There was not, in fact, a tittle of evidence to the contrary put forward at the Council's meeting. But Messrs. LIDGETT and the rest, who with their fellow-Committeemen were perfectly aware of the facts, appear to have misliked the fair record. They determined to retain unto themselves counsel, doubtless imagining that, should they be permitted this extravagance, the witnesses they had provided must necessarily follow. Their fondest imaginings were realized. Counsel was heard and witnesses were called—witnesses, literally, out of the dark, whose evidence, in the circumstances, would have been entirely inadmissible in a court of justice, even if it had proved to be of any weight. As it was, the "evidence" was wholly inadequate. There were missurers, or "evangelists," who had never been within the house they complained of, whose complaints were nothing more substantial than the vague generalities of sentiment and prejudice. And there was a foreign sailor who said he had been robbed, when drunk, at one of these dancing halls—an event that might have occurred anywhere, without involving innocent persons in worse misfortune, and robbing decent seafaring folk of harmless and necessary recreation. Yet this kind of "evidence" was allowed to outweigh every consideration of justice. The intolerant majority of the Council, acting as a canting tribunal of morals, refused Messrs. AKKERSDYKE and TEMENIA renewals of their licences.

This triumph of bigotry was carried by a considerable majority. The decision in the first case was supported by 37 votes against 17, despite the protest of the Chairman and the vigorous opposition of Mr. FARDELL, the Chairman of the Licensing Committee, who has since resigned his office. By their decision in these licensing cases the County Council have outraged justice, and committed a disgraceful breach of faith. It was well understood on both sides that renewal of these licences was subject to certain conditions, which conditions Messrs. AKKERSDYKE and TEMENIA completely fulfilled. If the County Council consider there is nothing in the nature of a contract in such conditions, nothing in their relations with managers and landlords that involves their honour, it is clear that they must either reform or be reformed, or a large section of the public must do without any places of amusement. For managers cannot be expected to risk their capital at the caprice of the bigots that dominate the Council. Mr. R. B.

BRETT, we observe, is hopeless of any remedy, save a "clean sweep" of these persons at the coming election. He is grieved, perhaps, that such things should be done in the name of Liberalism, and is quite sure that no slur is cast upon the party by the antics of a "progressive" Council. But Mr. BRETT is a little inconsistent in blaming the Legislature for the follies of the County Council. Surely, faith in a popular assembly and in the wisdom of a popular vote is the first article in the Liberal creed? It is the people, not the Legislature, that elects County Councils, and it was a majority of the people called Liberals that carried the LIDGETTS and the rest of the progressives into the London County Council. If only the whole body of electors should vote at the next election, Mr. BRETT's "clean sweep" might be even cleaner than he would desire. A more hopeful solution is suggested by Mr. GRIGSBY, who was one of the majority in the licensing discussion. But before he was won over to the McDougall interest, he suffered much through a wavering of the mind. The agonies of "wobbling" are, indeed, acutely reflected in his interesting letter. He seems to have fully measured the intolerable harshness and injustice for which he eventually cast his vote. Then, reflecting after the act, he arrives at the conclusion that "it would not be an unwise step on the part of the Government to transfer the jurisdiction we now have over licences to, say, the senior magistrate at Bow Street, leaving to us, if we wish, the task of instituting proceedings for the refusal of licences." What could be added to this self-criticism? It is what everybody has been saying. The process could be really comprehensive. The Council might thus be eased by degrees of public cares, and the mind of Mr. GRIGSBY rest from wavering.

EGYPT.

IT is not at all uninteresting to compare the words of Mr. MORLEY, in his furious attack on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Manchester, last Monday, in reference to Egypt, with the utterances of M. RIBOT, on the same day, in reply to the interpolation of M. DELONCLE. The former confirm in the most satisfactory way what we have before said here on the alarm which has been created in the Gladstonian party since Mr. GLADSTONE, piloted by Mr. MORLEY himself, spoke those memorable words of unwise at Newcastle, the other day. Not only, it may be supposed, have those few sober members of the party who do know something about foreign politics pointed out what a kourbash for their own backs Mr. GLADSTONE's words will provide in case they should win their way to Downing Street; but it may be guessed that they have discovered that the mere "chucking" of Egypt as a sop to France would be anything but welcome to their own party. Accordingly, besides the audacious attempt to make Mr. GLADSTONE "actually" say something entirely different from that which he actually said, they have poured forth explanation after explanation, disclaimer after disclaimer, on the subject. And now, last of all, we find Mr. MORLEY protesting and vowing that he has not the slightest wish to hand over Egypt to France, that "no Liberal" (he means Gladstonian) "would agree to hand Egypt either to France or to barbarism." Of course this language, after the perfectly different language used by Mr. MORLEY himself and his chief, is valueless in itself. But it is very valuable as showing that Mr. MORLEY, and probably his chief also, are conscious that they made a grave tactical error.

We shall also find it not without use as illuminating the reply of M. RIBOT to M. DELONCLE. It must be remembered that it is the cue of the Gladstonian *haute politique* (so far as such a thing exists) to set up an understanding with Republican France instead of an understanding with the Monarchical Central European Powers; and without supposing that M. RIBOT and Mr. MORLEY put their heads together, we may guess that the latter did not speak without some general idea of the line likely to be taken by the former. M. RIBOT on his part made a transparent reference to "the English public"—by which (Heaven help him!) he meant, of course, the Gladstonians—and the change of its attitude. He showed judgment in not hampering his English friends by too blustering language, being mild and almost *patelin* in his phraseology. Yet when his speech is examined it will be found that France is in no better dispositions than before. M. RIBOT actually confesses that France authorized the police regulations which she has

lately been contesting, and yet says that she contested them because they were not in harmony with her views—a gloss on authorization of the most remarkable character. And his offer for the future is “to give guarantees for the neutralization of Egypt when the evacuation is effected.” We do not hesitate to say that no wise Englishman will for a moment accept this as sufficient. When the re-organization of Egypt is completely effected; when there is no longer any danger from the South; when, by the removal or evasion of the impediments to clearing off debt, the country is able to maintain a larger army, and re-establish her dominion over districts which can never be allowed, consistently with her safety, to be independent or subject to others; when the improvements in civil administration and in the judicature are solidly established, then a wise English Minister may consent, and will be authorized by the terms of the original undertaking in consenting, to come out. But this could never be on the understanding that England was to be subject to a common exclusion with other Powers. It would have to be, on the contrary, with an understanding that in case of need she, and no other than she, shall, except in case of her own refusal, undertake the office of restoring order. Nothing less than this will satisfy Englishmen, nothing less is, indeed, compatible with the very terms of our original undertaking.

NAVAL GUNS AS BEFORE.

THE good-nature of the PRINCE OF WALES allowed of the closing of the Naval Exhibition in a graceful manner. It was deservedly successful to the end. Complaints have been heard that, if the weather had only been a trifle more tolerable—or, rather, a trifle less intolerable—throughout the summer, the financial success would have been greater than it was. The number of visitors might have reached three million, instead of only turning two and a half. This is probable enough; but it is to be hoped that the deficiency will not be the cause of loss to the managers of the Exhibition. In every other respect it has been by far the most successful Exhibition of our time. For one thing, it is reported to have given a notable impulse to the recruiting of boys for the navy—which is a practical result no other Exhibition can well rival. Its historical and artistic interest has been already amply insisted on here. Until it was held few would have believed that such a mass of relics, and of evidence, could have been collected to illustrate the obscure history of the English navy. The wish that some permanent use could be made of the mass of interesting things collected is natural; and, though we do not approve of the favourite modern practice of collecting all a country's wealth in relics into a few central buildings, we agree with those who desire to see some addition made out of the exhibits to the collection at Greenwich. One permanent record of the Exhibition might surely be made with no great difficulty in the shape of a folio of reproductions of LELY's fine portraits of the flag officers in the second Dutch war. Processes are not always a joy—nor even often—but some are better than others, and among them one might be selected which would be tolerable, and not too costly.

It is perhaps wholesome, but it is certainly unpleasant, that the same paper which announces the closing of the Exhibition also contains the two following pieces of information—first, that H.M.S. *Anson* is ordered to Portsmouth, where “efforts will be made to replace the defects in the 67-ton gun in time to allow of the Channel Squadron programme being carried out”; and, second, that “a serious defect has been discovered in one of the 67-ton guns of the battleship *Howe*, at present anchored in Portland roadstead.” It is added that the defects of the *Anson*'s gun will probably not be made good in time. As regards the *Howe*'s gun, “the injury is of such a character that it has been deemed prudent to abandon the use of the weapon until it has been over-hauled.” So the *Howe* is ordered to Portsmouth, to go into hospital with the *Anson*. Be it observed that the *Howe*'s gun has been fired comparatively few times since it was tested. Both guns are injured in the inner or A tube. In short, half the battleships of our new and improved Channel Squadron will be unfit for service for months. Some time ago we were solemnly asked to consider the significance of the immense increase in thickness of plates and size of guns in modern navies. It would appear to signify that they may be very grand to look at, but are not fit to be used. The mania for

big guns is not to be easily cured. To be sure it is an old folly, as may be learnt from a letter of Admiral KEPPEL's published by the *Times* almost cheek by jowl with these notices of our modern blunders. The officer who was rather cruelly nicknamed the “Cautious Leeshore,” and unjustly accused of want of heart, was pestered with clumsy guns in his time. He had to point out that the 42-pounder was too big for the lower deck of a first-rate, and might be profitably replaced by a smaller gun which could be used more easily and more often. Admiral KEPPEL understood, and contrived to make Lord SANDWICH understand, that when a gun is big enough, there is no advantage in having a yet bigger, but the reverse, because the heavier weapon is the greater burden, and the more difficult to handle. What was true of guns throwing a bullet of 42 lbs. or 32 lbs. is true of the 67-ton and the 29-ton gun. The smaller weapon will do all the work required, and has the inestimable advantages of being easier to manage, less burden to the ship which carries it, and much safer for the men who use it. Yet we cling to the ponderous gun in spite of its proved defects, and we call ourselves more scientific than our fathers. Perhaps we are.

“HIT HIM! HE'S DOWN!”

THOSE who take an interest in foreign politics (may their number never be less, but, on the contrary, much more!) may read with considerable advantage an article which has appeared in the *National Review* for November. It is signed “A Prussian,” and is in such an extraordinary lingo that at least it can hardly have been written by any Englishman. There is considerable *Derheit* in its opening, which, put into even less conventional words, amounts to this:—“Prince BISMARCK's organs say he is going to make it hot for distinguished personages by ‘revelations.’ Let us make it hotter for him first.” And this the writer proceeds to do as well as he can. We do not observe that his own revelations are very remarkable. There may be a few things in them not before known, or known to only a few; but the principal points are taken from or supported by quotations from well-known books like those of the *Büschlein*, and of MM. THOUVENEL and ROTHAN. Speaking as persons who have paid fair attention to the politics of the time concerned—the ten or dozen years between the War of 1859 and the War of 1870—we may say that the reading of the paper has not made any new world swim very sensibly into our ken. Its interest, however, is independent of this, and lies in the articles of impeachment brought against the Prince. They are, collecting them, that he did not, as he might have done between 1859 and 1862, utilize Russian hatred of Austria; that he “framed his programme” in 1866, when Prussia and Austria were at last *aux prises*, “with extreme abstinence”; that he was deeply culpable in “throwing Cerberus a sop in the shape of a German grand-duchy [Luxemburg the ‘Prussian’ means] in 1867”; that he put off the War of 1870 too long, and did not sufficiently “improve its decision” when it came. In short, but for the extraordinary valour and value of German troops, German diplomacy would have been repeatedly landed in a difficulty by the Chancellor; indeed, the nation is to-day “in even greater jeopardy than before,” by his fault.

Now we are hearty partisans of the understanding between England and Germany; and we are by no means uncompromising admirers of Prince BISMARCK. He has himself too often compromised his dignity and his reputation during his enforced retirement, and we do not hold him to have been at any time a great friend or a great lover of the English nation. But if any considerable number of “A Prussian's” countrymen are caught by this attempt to belittle his achievements, we are profoundly sorry for them. And, without any “if” at all, we are more profoundly sorry for those who think to curry favour, or those who are capable of having favour curried with them, by stuff so venomous and foolish that persons who “seek noon at fourteen hours” will probably guess it to have been inspired by the Prince himself to cause a reaction. It pleases a certain silly sort of Prussians, and even Germans generally, no doubt, to think that the Prussian army was a thunderbolt of war which only had to be launched to annihilate adversaries. And it pleases them to think that at any moment of the last thirty years Europe could have been tied to the tail of Prussia's chariot. Every military critic knows that the first belief is absurd,

and every competent politician that the second is "lunacies." Prussia, as it pleases "A Prussian" to forget, was detested in Germany thirty years ago; and, if she had been once suspected of inviting in Russia to overawe Austria, the detestation would have increased. Any overweening in 1866 would have brought on her the union which "A Prussian" admits might have been fatal. In the Luxembourg business this danger was repeated, with heavier odds against Prussia. In the War of 1870, as in that of 1866, the Prussian army had all the luck on its side, and even then, had the German demands been greater, a reaction was possible, while everybody knows that such "jeopardy" as there is now is owing to the over-improvement" of the war by taking Alsace-Lorraine. All the success which Germany (Prussia) had during this period was due, first, to fortune, next to the cautious fashion in which Prince BISMARCK groped the way for her through difficulties such as have beset few statesmen. Had he pursued the course which his critic thirty years after date recommends, it is at least on the cards that the Kingdom of Prussia would now be in something like the state to which NAPOLEON reduced it, and that "A Prussian" and his likes would now be throwing the blame on BISMARCK. Ingratitude is an ugly thing, and folly is an ugly thing; but folly and ingratitude combined are a right hideous pair.

THE UNITED STATES v. CHILI.

THERE can be no question that the determination of the United States to demand explanation of, or even reparation for, the attack made on its sailors at Valparaiso is absolutely "correct." Men belonging to the warship *Baltimore* have been attacked, whether in a tavern or the street, whether partly, wholly, or not at all through their own fault, does not matter a whit. Neither in one place nor the other, neither with or without provocation, had the Chilian "rotos" any right to kill or wound them. Since there has been killing and wounding, the United States has ample technical justification for insisting on an apology and indemnity from the Government of Chili. It is no answer to point out that the United States have been guilty of faults of manner or conduct towards Chili, and it is futile to remind them of the excesses of lynchers in American cities. When a Government is content to be represented by the stamp of person the United States has sent as Minister to Santiago, and when a PRESIDENT can sign despatches written in the style of a gushing newspaper reporter, there will probably be faults of conduct and manner. But if there were ten times as many, American citizens would still not be liable to be stabbed at discretion by a Chilian mob. As for the *tu quoque* about the lynchers, it is little better than silly in the first place, because Americans have not yet lynched the members of a foreign man-of-war crew, and, in the second, because the excesses of their vigilance committees would afford a quite legitimate ground for a declaration of war to any foreign Power which felt sufficiently aggrieved by them and thought itself able to make war on the United States. There can be no doubt that the States can make war on Chili with prospect of final success if they please, and this is a fact which the Chilian Government will be wise to take into consideration.

There is a quotation which is probably familiar to the Chilians, to the effect that the blood will not be quite a river. It is commonly used by the Spaniards when a quarrel begins with many words and promises to end with them. In this case there will be no river of blood. The Chilian Government must be very well aware that it would be mad to go to war with the United States. It is within its power to cause its big neighbour much trouble and expense; but in the long run defeat would be certain, and the longer the run the greater the ultimate cost to it. Therefore, the Chilian Government will no doubt apologize, and pay up after some argument, taking the opportunity to teach its mob to keep its hands off foreigners. We do not know that any other people will have reason to regret that the lesson is taught. The Chilian lower orders are a mixture, in nearly equal proportions, of the most pugnacious of the Spaniards, and the most ferocious of the native South Americans. They were always sufficiently predisposed to violence, and the recent revolutionary troubles have aggravated their pugnacity. It is very possible that, if they are not well warned now, the heat of their temperament may

mislead them into other excesses of the same kind against other foreigners. On the other hand, the United States have no serious motive for a quarrel with Chili, though politicians have a strong one for waving the banner when elections are at hand. Their diplomacy has at all times behaved much after the fashion of the Lord PETER's bulls, and of late it has been fonder than ever of keeping a perpetual coil, but it has not as yet gone to the length of forcing on a war. It will hardly do so in the present case, if only for the reason given by the Chilian representative at Washington. The United States—or at least the Republican politicians, who are at present in power—have a real wish to form some kind of union with the South American Republics. The States are not, as far as can be seen, prepared for a general war of conquest, and it is their interest not to frighten or very seriously anger the Governments with which they wish to make alliances. A policy of aggression on Chili would certainly frighten every Republic in Spanish South America. It is a source of annoyance to Americans that their commerce with the Southern continent is so limited as it is; but they are sufficiently well aware that it can only be extended by the good-will of the South Americans. The riot at Valparaiso is unfortunately a very serious sign that the mob of Chili has been brutalized, and its Government weakened, by the late civil war. These were the inevitable consequences of what appears, more clearly as the evidence is published, to have been a criminal adventure conducted with extraordinary ferocity. Great tact and firmness will be required by the new Government, if it is to make good the damage done to the character of the country. It may be very sure, however, that its task will become impossible if the mobs of the seaports are allowed to persuade themselves that they may safely avenge the real or imaginary misconduct of foreign Governments towards Chili on the persons of foreigners they find in the streets. Once on that road the "roto" may be trusted to go far.

IRISH PARTIES AND "BRITISH BAYONETS."

IT would be altogether improper to compare such a high-souled patriot as Mr. JOHN DILLON with a mere *exécuteur des hautes œuvres*, like Mr. DENNIS in *Barnaby Rudge*; but some of those who remember their DICKENS have during the last week or so found themselves irresistibly impelled to a mental association of the hero with the hangman. For our own part, we frankly confess that, in surveying Mr. DILLON and a good many of his Nationalist friends at the present moment, we feel ourselves much in the mood of "Maypole HUGH." Something of the scornful amusement with which that child of nature watched the abject terrors of the public executioner when the near prospect of that death which he had inflicted on so many others "came home to him," can hardly fail to be aroused by the outburst of panic-stricken indignation which Parnellite violences of word and act have drawn from their Anti-Parnellite objects and victims. It is a disgraceful outrage, whether it is a "diabolical" one or not, that has been wreaked on the office of the *National Press* by some political opponent or opponents of Mr. DILLON's party; but really, to talk of it as though the heavens themselves might be expected to fall on its infamous perpetrators is a little too funny. We seem to have a pretty clear recollection of dynamite explosions in London, which differed only from the Dublin outrage in being more serious in their consequences, and more plainly murderous in their design; but if Mr. DILLON, or any of Mr. DILLON's political friends, were greatly shocked by these occurrences, our memory is at fault. They "deplored" them of course, but only as the regrettable excesses of a holy war, while as to their own responsibility for them, or even for the agrarian atrocities of the men whom they were daily haranguing in Ireland, it was a malignant fiction of the political enemy. The charm of the present situation is that, not only are these same men overwhelmed with horror at the "dastardly" attack which has been made on the property, if not the lives, of certain of their party, but they are fully persuaded that political agitators on the other side are responsible for it. The throwing of a dynamite bomb among a crowd of harmless sightseers in an English public place is a lamentable, but not an unnatural, incident. To blow out the windows of a Dublin newspaper office is something almost as appalling as the crime of parricide. If Mr. DILLON

predicts to a crowd of Irish peasants that the cattle of Irish land-grabbers "will not prosper," and half a dozen unfortunate beasts are mutilated, that has nothing to do with Mr. DILLON. If Mr. PIERCE MAHONY says that Mr. O'BRIEN will "receive a lesson in Cork," and Mr. O'BRIEN finds it necessary to address Cork audiences with an escort of police and soldiery to protect him, that has everything to do with Mr. PIERCE MAHONY.

We can make some allowance for the novelty of their position; but they ought to be getting used to it by this time, and should really make shift to show a little more fortitude, as well as a little more perception of the incongruous, than was displayed in analogous circumstances by Mr. DENNIS. We do not know that Mr. DILLON, or, indeed, any other Irish patriot of the latter-day type, has ever been credited with much sense of humour; but even the faintest feeling for the ridiculous might have prevented a man from saying that when the news of the dynamite outrage crossed the Atlantic, "there would not be in the whole length and breadth of "America five hundred friends of the Parnellites." That will be "the last straw." They can stand anything in America but dynamite. Mr. PATRICK FORD will call an indignation meeting; the President of the Clan-na-Gael will move the first resolution, which will be seconded by "Transatlantic"; and the American-Irish as a body will cut themselves off from all fellowship with the accursed thing. There is nothing else in Mr. DILLON's speech at Cork last Tuesday which is quite so comic as this; and even this was, to our mind, eclipsed by Mr. O'BRIEN's delicious reference to the military protection under which he was speaking, in the words, "I can only say that, much as Mr. REDMOND's supporters profess their hatred of the armed power of England, it is mighty well there is a line of British bayonets to-night between you and them." The merely superficial drollery of the remark, as addressed by one of two common foes of the British Government to the other, is almost its least notable feature. It is a sentence to be taken home with one and reflected upon; it is as "full of matter" as the melancholy JAQUES. One patriot accuses another of having forfeited his political independence, and become the bondslave of an English party; and the other, by way of repudiating the charge, congratulates himself, under the thin rhetorical disguise of congratulating his opponent, that he is protected by a "line of British bayonets." Both patriots agree in contending that Ireland is fit for self-government, and at the same time mutually taunt each other with the fact that they cannot hold a meeting without having a strong force of police and soldiery in attendance to prevent them from flying at each other's throats. And while we are meditating upon these things a third Irish patriot—Mr. LEAMY—steps forward, and, addressing the Anti-Parnellites, exclaims, "You have sold the independence of the party, and rather than make friends with you, bedad! we'll sell the country, and hand her over to the Saxon for ever." The utterances, in short, of the wrangling Nationalists abound just now in matter for the thoughts of the politician and the student of character. They are in the highest degree instructive and delightful—delightful in their warnings of the political confusion which MR. GLADSTONE's policy would have for its inevitable sequel; delightful in their exquisite illustrations of the profound and incurable, yet endearing, mental inconsequence of the Irish race.

But what, we cannot help asking ourselves—what in his heart, and that other mysterious organ of his, does the Gladstonian Nonconformist think of it all? The "organ" of his organ in this metropolis has indeed told him what he ought to think, and how that organ of which it is the organ ought to feel; but can he—in all good faith we ask the question—can he follow the advice which is pressed upon him in a tone of confidence, though with an occasional quaver in it, by the *Daily News*? Has he really brought himself to believe that Ireland has "passed nobly through the ordeal" to which she was subjected by Mr. PARNELL's downfall, and that the behaviour of her people has triumphantly vindicated their claims to be entrusted with self-government? Or is he still solacing himself with the stale fallacy that popular turbulence at Irish elections is no better reason for refusing legislative independence than a row at an English contest would be for abolishing constitutional government and establishing an absolute government? We cannot imagine that the sensitive Nonconformist conscience could tolerate the dishonesty of this argument, if the respectable Nonconformist intelligence is capable—which of course we

cannot doubt—of detecting that quality in it. Of course the Gladstonian sophists, who are perpetually airing this bogus analogy, are perfectly well aware that the two cases are different. Rival mobs at an English election fight to signify their enthusiasm, usually in such cases stimulated by beer, for their respective candidates; their fistcuffs have no special political import, and no particular political result is to be anticipated from the victory of either. The Irish crowds who have to be kept apart in the streets of Cork are notoriously representative of two factions, between whom three-fourths of Ireland is divided, and who are contending, in a sense quite different from that in which English Whigs and Tories wage their traditional struggle to oust each other from place and power, for the control of the country. Not only so, but the very origin of their desire to fly at each other is to be sought in a dispute which could not, from the nature of the case, arise in England—the dispute, namely, as to which of the two is going the best way to work to reduce English authority over their country to a minimum. Mr. REDMOND's partisans exclaim against the Anti-Parnellites for having taken a course which will result, contend the former, in Ireland being put off with a sham—or what we in England should call a less mischievous—form of Home Rule. The Anti-Parnellites on their part indignantly repudiate the imputation, and promise that, by working steadily with Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers, they will procure for Ireland a form of Home Rule as genuine—or as we in England should say as mischievous—as the most patriotic Nationalist could desire. Our Nonconformist, as he notes Mr. DILLON's appearance at the Cork Convention, surrounded by "close upon one hundred priests," can see for himself what form the mischief of Home Rule is likely to take if Mr. DILLON wins; while the "hill-side men" have already explained what it would resemble if Mr. REDMOND's party were to succeed in carrying the day, or if they do succeed, as is far more probable, in virtually dictating the policy of the voters. And one of the consequences of the triumph of either party is interestingly suggested by the reflection that they are both united in insisting on the command of that force which has alone, during the past week, prevented them from breaking each other's heads.

A PATERNAL EMPEROR.

THE "paternal heart" of the German EMPEROR seems to be united with a grand-maternal head. His IMPERIAL MAJESTY has been deeply shocked by the details of what was no doubt a most horrible murder, and he has thought the occasion suitable for the delivery of some general reflections upon certain forms of vice. There is not much in what the EMPEROR says which any one can well deny. The relations which subsisted between Lady BELLASTON and TOM JONES were not nice, though they have no obvious connexion with criminal homicide. The curious thing is, or would be in the case of any one else, that the titular head of a great Empire should think it part of his duty to disseminate ethical commonplaces. But the fact probably is that WILLIAM the Talkative seldom stops to think. Like our own WILLIAM IV., WILLIAM II. of Germany is exceedingly fond of making speeches on every available opportunity, and when he cannot make a speech he writes a letter. To drop his pen and hold his tongue would apparently be the death of him. It might, one would suppose, have been taken for granted that he disapproves of heinous offences, and would be glad to see them repressed by the officers of the law. "Although," he says, "I have already stated my views to the Minister of Justice, and am aware that in the Ministry of the Interior steps have been taken to remedy the existing evils, I nevertheless feel it to be my duty to draw the attention of my entire Cabinet to this incident, affecting as it does the well-being of the whole country." No doubt it is highly proper that there should be unreserved communication between the Cabinet and the Sovereign. There is, we presume, some such intercourse in all countries where Sovereigns and Cabinets exist. The peculiarity about this young man is that he cannot consult his Ministers about the social condition of Berlin without taking the whole world into his confidence, and seeking the tribute of his subjects' applause. Like the Scotch Baillie who was determined to put down suicide, the German EMPEROR proposes to reform the morals of his capital by gratuitous

lectures in the Official Gazette. Instead of sitting, like the first gentleman in Europe, over his tea and toast, death-warrants, and the *Morning Post*, the EMPEROR surrounds himself with the *Reichsanzeiger*, the *Buchholz Family*, and a German version of MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

"I am fully conscious of the duties devolving upon me as sovereign defender of law and public order." The sentiment is creditable, though it might perhaps have been taken for granted. There never has been the least ground for questioning the fact that HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY is determined to "boss the entire show." HIS MAJESTY's measures strike an insular mind as somewhat drastic. That a man should live on a woman who lives on other men is revolting enough, and that the practice should be so common "in the large towns of my Empire" is not encouraging to an active young moralist who confounds the functions of a schoolmaster with those of a king. But the "extirpation" of these degraded wretches is rather a large order. "This task falls to the police and the Public Prosecutor." We do not envy them. For, unless the EMPEROR forgets all about the matter in a week, they may expect to be asked in a fortnight whether the extirpation is complete. "In regard to the application of the Criminal Code, the Courts must endeavour not to allow themselves to be led astray by a false humanity, but must punish even first offences with the highest possible penalty." The EMPEROR does not believe in the independence of the judges, nor in independence of any kind. But, inasmuch as no man, judge or otherwise, is likely to be prejudiced in favour of the class to which the EMPEROR refers, the natural, though perhaps erroneous, inference is that he does not wish them to restrict themselves too closely or too pedantically within the limits of the law. Nor does the position of counsel for the defence altogether approve itself to the Imperial mind. We hear of "advocates who, blind to their duty of helping to elicit the truth, make it their business to bring about the triumph of wrong by frivolous opposition." We have a notion in this benighted country that the gravity of the charge against a man does not prove him to be guilty, and that even the worst scoundrels ought to be convicted by legal evidence. But all this is too slow for the EMPEROR, and Berlin lawyers who wish to obtain the favour of their impulsive monarch will, perhaps, hesitate to accept briefs in certain cases.

THE SENSIBLE SIAMESE.

THE *Times'* Correspondent in Paris has dined with Prince DAMRONG, uncle of the King of SIAM, and has taken his note-book with him to the princely spread. We do not know very much about the Siamese, the popular idea that they are all twins having been exploded by experience. Oxford at one time had the privilege of educating a young Siamese gentleman who was fabled to be the Hereditary Minister of War. He learned to pursue the fox in the English manner, and he was an agile performer of his national dances. Prince DAMRONG appears to be a more serious person. He dazzled M. DE BLOWITZ by informing him that Bangkok will soon be lighted by electricity, and as Minister of Education (a post which he at one time combined with the War Office) he hopes to introduce drainage. His own education (like that of most of us) was "compulsory." Where is the boy who would learn anything if he were not compelled? But he does not want to introduce compulsory education in Siam. The populace need the assistance of their children, and to make education compulsory would be to make it unpopular. The clergy are magnificently disinterested. The Archbishop of Bangkok has but 70*l.* per annum. On the other hand, nobody thinks of refusing a clergyman anything he asks for. On the whole, considering the dispositions of mankind, even when clerical, the system which prevails in England is perhaps the least expensive. The Siamese clergy would not be the boys for Cork. They never meddle in politics, and they teach the living of a quiet, silent, and sober life. We cannot but think that there is a wide field of usefulness for Siamese missionaries in England. Probably they would be rabbled for doctrines so contrary to our inclinations and to the ideas of the Salvation Army. The Siamese, however, do not rabble Christian missionaries, though they always begin by assuring Buddhists that there is nothing in Buddhism.

If missionaries everywhere take this line, it is wonderful that they are tolerated for a moment anywhere. The

Prince himself is a modern Buddhist. This does not mean that he believes in Mme. BLAVATSKY, and the reintegration of saucers and cigarette papers, and the Epistles to the Mahatmas. Prince DAMRONG's modern Buddhism merely consists in not denying the immortality of the soul, but leaving it an open question. "We neither affirm nor deny what we cannot see or clearly understand." The Prince thinks that if he lives a good life it will be all the better for him in the future, if there is a future, and none the worse if there is not. "The experiment," as the Free Kirk minister said, when the rich man asked if it would do him any good to leave his money to the Kirk, "is well worth trying." The Prince admits that he cannot introduce the London season into Bangkok, on which we offer him our respectful and sympathetic congratulations. Too much novelty at a time is to be avoided. Let Bangkok revel in electric light and reform its drainage system. The Prince spoke kindly of the *Times* printing-office, which, however, he had to take on trust; but what his heart really goes out to is the shops in the Boulevards, and, we hope, on the Quais of Paris. "Every shop is calculated to tempt you, and to give you the bitter feelings which result from the continuous obligation to consult your reason for engaging in the dangerous course of running up bills."

The opinion may be the opinion of the Prince, but surely the style is the style of M. DE BLOWITZ. It reminds us of a celebrated and difficult passage in poetry, which we may endeavour to parody for the more appropriateness:—

Prince, beware
The shop which trifles round the charms it gilds,
Oft rains while it shines.

Probably this wandering knight so fair, Prince DAMRONG, would like to buy dozens of books in M. MORGAND's shop, lots of old fans in the emporium opposite, heaps of diamonds all down the Boulevard, Empire furniture and Sèvres china from one end of the Quais to the other, bundles of new novels, gorgeous travelling-bags, and a set of wardrobes for the ladies whom he left behind him in Siam. These emotions are natural, are human; we respect the Prince for entertaining them, and admire the decisiveness with which his reason rejects the idea of paying ready money. Turning from the frivolous, he expressed his admiration of steam. Siam, we assure him, will be much happier and better without it. European Governments should send missionaries to the East with this message, "Leave well alone." Don't drain or light your streets. Shun railways as you would kippered sturgeon. Confine education to the art of living a quiet life. Do not dream of "developing your resources." Remember that you enjoy what Europe lacks, the blessings of polygamy. The woman question, also the social question, are not worrying you at present, and your delightfully pacific and happy-go-lucky religion is the envy of the West. "Nobody can tell what Siam will become when blest by civilizing agencies." Anybody can tell! It will become loud, dirty, discontented, pauperized, and, in fact, no better than its neighbours. But M. DE BLOWITZ neglected his admirable opportunity to speak a word in season, and left Prince DAMRONG under the delusion that it is "all very capital."

AN ACTIVE PROTEST.

THE letter which Admiral FIELD has written to the PRIME MINISTER and the HOME SECRETARY, "strongly protesting against the conduct of the Salvation Army at Eastbourne, and declaring the SOLICITOR-GENERAL's communication to be a direct incitement to the Salvationists to continue to break the local laws," appears to have been greatly called for. Considering the circumstances and the persons, Sir EDWARD CLARKE's letter is as nearly new as anything can well be under the sun. Law Officers of the Crown have made mistakes, and some have misconducted themselves. But we doubt whether any one of them has ever made the mistake of writing in a friendly way to a disorderly fanatic, or misconducted himself by giving a direct incitement to breach of the law. That Sir EDWARD CLARKE has done the first of these things is undeniable, and that he has done the second can only be denied on the supposition that his words contain some violently non-natural meaning. The following passage in his letter, which, by the way, is published with his full consent, can bear only one meaning:—"I fully admit the force of what you say as to the necessity of maintaining an active

"protest against the Eastbourne Act, in order to have any chance of getting it repealed, and I personally shall be glad to help in securing that repeal." As this letter was written to a person who every week for some time past has protested against the Act by openly breaking it, we can only suppose that Sir EDWARD CLARKE had this conduct in his mind when he spoke of an "active protest." If so, Admiral FIELD, who has a right to speak as member for Eastbourne, has done very well in protesting. He may well ask, and we with him, whether this language is becoming to a SOLICITOR-GENERAL. This officer, we conceive, is a person paid a salary to assist in enforcing the law. If Mr. BRAMWELL BOOTH were to extend the use of that active protest which he is making at Eastbourne a little further, it might very conceivably be the duty of Sir EDWARD CLARKE to assist in prosecuting him. Yet we find him explicitly approving of this very conduct, and giving Mr. Booth permission to publish his approval. The act is one which certainly calls for explanation, and for something further, unless the explanation, when forthcoming, is full and satisfactory. Would Sir E. CLARKE approve of the kind of active protest made against the law of conspiracy by the Trade-Unions? For our part we can see no difference in principle between the two cases. If his words were not designed to bear their obvious meaning, it must be confessed that HER MAJESTY has a SOLICITOR-GENERAL who suffers from a plentiful lack of discretion. A much more creditable way of putting the case to Mr. BRAMWELL BOOTH has been found by Mr. W. P. TRELOAR. Mr. Booth, with the usual cant of his kind, has lately, *à propos* of "drink and drunkenness," remarked that "it is our duty to abandon and avoid that which, though for us a lawful thing, is for others any occasion for sin." Whereupon Mr. W. P. TRELOAR puts him the question whether he will "adopt this principle at Eastbourne and abandon the 'drum business'?" Of the two ways of dealing with a canting rowdy, we think the layman's better than the lawyer's.

WHAT IS MANUAL LABOUR?

A DISGUSTED student of Parliamentary statutes and judicial decisions once remarked that laws were made by one set of fools and interpreted by another. The remark not only constituted a distinct contempt of court, as well the High Court of Parliament as all others. It indicated a deplorable cynicism, and a complete want of respect for the solemn plausibilities of the world. Nevertheless there are moments even in the best regulated life, there are aberrations even of the most orderly mind, when forensic and senatorial wisdom seems about as impressive as the tales of Mother Goose. In the year 1875, when Mr. DISRAELI still led the House of Commons, and Mr. GLADSTONE had just resolved that he would spend the remaining portion of his life in retirement from the world, there was passed an Act "to enlarge the powers of County Courts in respect of disputes between employers and workmen, and to give other Courts a limited civil jurisdiction in respect of such disputes." It was one of the useful and practical reforms, not the less beneficial because they made little fuss or stir, which marked the earlier and better period in the career of the present Viscount Cross. The object of the Act was plain and simple. It was to make certain differences which, in the course of business, are liable to occur every day, easier and cheaper to settle than they had hitherto been. It was assuredly not intended to raise intricate questions between various kinds of employment, but on the contrary to avoid them. The tenth section of the Act says, "The expression 'workman' does not include 'a domestic or menial servant, but save as aforesaid means 'any person who, being a labourer, servant in husbandry, 'journeyman, artificer, handicraftsman, miner, or otherwise 'engaged in manual labour, whether under the age of 'twenty-one or above that age, has entered into, or works 'under, a contract with an employer.'" And then it goes on to say that the agreement may be either written or oral, and the engagement either general or specific. It might have been supposed that this language was sufficiently clear and that it included all assistants or apprentices. Domestic servants are, it will be observed, in terms shut out. Every other person occupied upon manual labour is kept in. Manual labour is generally believed to mean working with one's hands. Henceforth a new definition will have to be found. In so far as any intelligible principle can be ex-

tracted from the decision of the Court of Appeal in *BOUND v. LAWRENCE*, a man is not to be considered a manual labourer if he works with anything except his hands.

BOUND was a grocer's assistant at Newport, in Monmouthshire, at a salary of twenty-five pounds a year and his board. He left his master's service without notice, thereby bringing himself, if he was a manual labourer, within the provisions of the Employers and Workmen's Act, 1875, already described. He was summoned before the magistrates and fined fifty shillings. But it was argued on his behalf that he was not a manual labourer, and a special case was stated for the Queen's Bench Division. The Queen's Bench Division, consisting of two judges, was equally divided, and the case came before the Court of Appeal. BOUND's principal occupation was serving customers over the counter, for which purpose, unless he was a very strangely constituted individual, he would have to use his hands. But then he would also have to use his legs, his arms, and his memory. The MASTER of the ROLLS appears to have been much impressed with the fact that the respondent kept porters to carry things to the cart. If BOUND had performed that service regularly, instead of merely by fits and starts, his conviction by the magistrates might have been upheld. According to Lord ESHER, "the Act did not 'mean that every use of a man's hands should be included as manual labour.'" Then we cannot help thinking it a great pity that the framers of the Act did not say what they did mean. Lord Justice FRY argues that, as all human work is more or less manual, some limitation must be put upon the phrase, which might otherwise comprehend judges, poets, and historians. These personages are not, we believe, usually taken on by the job, though judges are, no doubt, in one sense under a contract of service. We should have thought the common sense of the matter was that manual labour meant physical labour—labour not chiefly or substantially intellectual. A man must use his hands to write a history, unless, indeed, he dictates it. But to say that Mr. LECKY was a manual labourer would be an abuse of terms. A chemist's assistant, as the chemical juryman explained in *BARDELL v. PICKWICK*, may be required to possess and to apply some amount of medical knowledge. If a grocer's assistant can distinguish plums from raisins, his intellectual apparatus is more than half provided. It is to be hoped that BOUND understands why his fine has been remitted.

MR. MORLEY AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

WE admitted last week, in a spirit of candour towards our opponents, that they might be fairly excused a certain amount of irritation at one passage in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's recent speech at Sunderland. That pungent orator, in referring to the "awful mess" which Mr. GLADSTONE might be expected to make of our foreign affairs, did undoubtedly take a tone of exultant mockery, which seemed to imply his own entire exemption from any responsibility for the last awful mess of Gladstonian making. Such a tone was, no doubt, calculated to exasperate his late allies, and to provoke them to angry or—if they had the sense, and could regain composure enough to adopt that far more effective mode of retaliation—to ironical retort. Indeed, after the first few moments of indignation, any Gladstonian at all cunning of fence should have felt grateful, rather than otherwise, to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN for the opening. For since he is, of course, not exempt from responsibility for the awful mess of 1880—1885, a skilful adversary should have treated his reference to it as a pure oratorical infelicity, and might have made as merry as he pleased, or as he knew how, over the mental characteristics of a politician who, in contemplating the past political blunders of his former leader, could so completely and comically forget his own share in them. Imagine what a master of raillery like Lord BEACONSFIELD, or even an adept at mere Parliamentary "chaff" like Lord PALMERSTON, would have made of such an opportunity!

It is really quite melancholy to see the use to which it has been put by serious Mr. JOHN MORLEY. He at once assumes that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's implied animadversion on the foreign policy of Mr. GLADSTONE's second Administration was not a mere controversial lapse, but an attack of deadly deliberation, and instead of scoffing at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN for having inadvertently cast ridicule on work in

which he himself contentedly co-operated, Mr. MORLEY solemnly denounces him for "holding up his former colleagues to obloquy and contempt." This, he indignantly exclaimed, was a hitting below the belt for which he ventured to say they did not find a parallel in the worst times of our political history. Why, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN hit himself below the belt, and that, of course, is a performance for which you could not expect to find many parallels, either in the worst or any other times of our own or any other political history. Mr. MORLEY treats it as an act of baseness, whereas obviously the utmost that can be said of it is that it is, if inadvertent, a blunder, and, if deliberate, an eccentricity. And in missing the point of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's having attacked himself, while fastening on the quite secondary point of his having attacked his colleagues, Mr. MORLEY gave away his whole case; for assuredly a man who is prepared to condemn his own actions acquires a perfect right on those terms to condemn the men who assisted and were assisted by him in such actions. Mr. MORLEY's querulous reply to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's letter is weaker even than his speech. He now says that a Minister may, indeed, "figure, if he is so minded, in a white sheet; he is not free to plant his colleagues in the pillory and pelt them with missiles." But Mr. MORLEY must not be allowed to change his metaphors at will in this way. That is an old "dodge," and but for his resort to it, he would have landed himself in the absurdity of the contention that a man who clothes himself in a white sheet is not "free to say" that that, in his opinion, would be the appropriate dress of his colleagues. Thus seriously and unskillfully treated, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had, of course, no difficulty in amply justifying his language, while Mr. MORLEY's justification for his has yet to be offered. We congratulate him on his victory; but, in the interests of the "noble art" of oratorical pugilism, we protest against the clumsiness which made him a present of it.

Nor was Mr. MORLEY much more expert in his handling of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's remarks on his abortive Merchant Shipping Bill of 1883. At the time of its failure Mr. CHAMBERLAIN complained of having had no assistance from the Tory party; he now complains of having been badly supported by his chief, and Mr. MORLEY has persuaded himself that the two statements are in "contradictory opposition." When he was at Oxford, and was doubtless well acquainted with many things which he has since forgotten, he would have known that they are only, as it were, in "sub-contrary opposition," and that the truth of one of them does not imply the falsity of the other. They may both be true together, and, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, this is exactly what they are. The Tories, as he now says, were in part the cause of the failure of his Bill, because, if they had assisted him to pass it, Mr. GLADSTONE'S half-hearted support would have been adequate to the attainment of that end. On the other hand, Mr. GLADSTONE was himself a part cause of its defeat, because, if he had effectually supported his colleague, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN could have dispensed with Tory assistance. To which we need only add on our account, that those who are in doubt to which of these two causes to assign the greater share of responsibility, have merely to ask themselves which of the two things a Minister in charge of a Bill has the greater right to expect—support from his chief or assistance from his opponents?

THE LATEST MARATHON.

CAMBRIDGE has excelled the hopes of her friends. It was generally believed that the proposal for another official inquiry by a Syndicate into the propriety of ceasing to require the study of Greek, as a preparation for the taking of a degree, would be rejected, but it was not expected that the majority would be particularly large. Schemes actually proposed by such syndicates had been rejected, within the last few years, by majorities of thirty or forty. It was known that the majority of resident members of the Senate were opposed to the change, but little certainty was felt as to the numbers of non-residents who would take the trouble to come and vote on the right side. The general view was that a majority of fifty would serve, and that a majority of a hundred would be satisfactory. The result was a majority of 340—the numbers being 185 *placets*, and 525 *non-placets*, or close upon three to one against the Grace. The total number of voters was 710, which is supposed to be the largest ever collected

in the Senate House. The victory is, to say the least, crushing.

The event is a rather striking demonstration of the loyalty, good sense, and good taste which animate the University as a whole. Although the cause of the barbarians was detestably bad, their forces were, in some respects, undeniably strong. A great many names were appended to their manifestoes which ought by no means to have been there. They also fought to the very utmost of their not inconsiderable powers. A good deal of alarm—unfounded, as it appears—and more indignation—which was extremely well founded—were caused by the appeal of Sir GEORGE PAGET, Sir GEORGE HUMPHREY, and two of their colleagues, requesting their "old pupils" to come up and support their attack upon good education. After Thursday's vote, and considering what was in all men's mouths on the subject, it is not likely that such a violation of the rules of fair controversy will be repeated. The supporters of the Grace too, must have felt impelled to work their hardest before they condescended to use Mr. BALFOUR as the stock Liberal candidate uses his letter from Mr. GLADSTONE. Then there were the headmasters, urged on by their natural anxiety to fill their schools with "modern-side" boys, by reason of being able to hold out to them the prospect of an illiterate University degree. And naturally allied with these were the envious votaries of Science in its most disgusting forms. Lastly, there was the utterly delusive, but specious, argument that nothing was asked for except inquiry, and that there would be time enough to reject any proposals that the suggested Syndicate might make if their adoption should seem undesirable. This fallacy had been riddled and smashed by Lord GRIMTHORPE and many other writers; but nevertheless the sort of "open" mind upon which it was likely to tell is so common that it was hardly safe to reckon upon its not existing in considerable numbers among those in whose hand the future of Cambridge "humanities" lay. To residents, indeed, the plea for "inquiry" must have seemed hollow enough, for their tables have groaned during the last fortnight under the weight of fly-leaves and broad-sheets put forth upon the Greek question in all its aspects.

One satisfactory feature about the vote is, that no one can suggest that the non-resident members of the Senate forced their opinion upon the residents. The "electoral roll," which consists of members of the Senate who have resided during the greater part of the previous year, contains at present about five hundred names. Assuming that four hundred of them voted, it would follow that a considerable majority of them were opposed to the Grace, even if the minority had consisted exclusively of residents, which was very far from being the case. In fact, there is no reason to doubt that the residents were opposed to the Grace, at least in the proportion of two to one, and, as far as can be judged from appearances, it is probable that the proportion of resident and non-resident voters on each side was pretty much the same. Of course the enemies of Greek were heard to mutter sneers about the "country parson"; but, in fact, the *non-placet* voters, as squad after squad of them delivered their opinions, showed no marked predominance of clerical aspect or attire, while numerous well-known men of science, and other irregular branches of learning, were—to their credit be it spoken—conspicuous in their midst. On the other hand, at least one serried band of clerks "voted solid" in the minority, under the leadership of the Head-master of Harrow. It is not quite clear why on this particular occasion the attack upon Greek assumed proportions so much more formidable, and attracted interest so much more deep and widespread, than on the previous occasions within recent years. Whatever the cause, the friends of learning and of the University have every reason to be satisfied with the result. This time, at least, the University has been thoroughly aroused to the importance of the question at issue, and has spoken its mind with an emphasis which leaves no room for further discussion. Cambridge has heard the last of this nonsense for some time to come. The headmasters may go back to their schools, and do the best they can with the old-fashioned choice between a proper University preparation and no University course. As for the aggressive doctors, chemists, and biologists, they will have an opportunity of showing the world with how much patient resignation they can bear their cross.

THE FINANCIER INCOMPRIS.

SIR WILLIAM HAROURT, like other famous comedians before him, is consumed by ambition to distinguish himself in a "serious part," and by chagrin at the often-repeated proof that the public do not care for him in that character. It is quite pathetic to see the way in which he has responded to Mr. FULLER's appeal for his opinion on Mr. GOSCHEN's finance. One can imagine how the tears would have started to LISTON's eyes if he had been told by some old playgoer that he was the best HAMLET of his time; and Sir WILLIAM HAROURT does what with him is almost equivalent to bursting into tears. He sheds a letter of nearly two columns of closely-printed matter over the pages of the morning papers, which, after an elaborate review and a scathing criticism of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's financial policy, concludes with a gracious permission to his correspondent to say ditto to Sir WILLIAM HAROURT. There is a more than Pontifical, an almost Conciliar, solemnity about the passage in which Mr. FULLER is told what he may believe and say of Mr. GOSCHEN. "Without charging the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER "with any intention to mislead"—for no one who makes injurious imputations can be recognized as saying ditto to Sir WILLIAM—"you are perfectly justified in saying that "his whole system of finance, whilst it makes a specious "show of the great present advantages by a plan of postponed payment, future charges and anticipated revenue, "does, in fact, remove from the public eye the true state of "affairs, and disguises the manner in which the future tax- "payer is to be burdened." In another summarized statement of charge, Sir WILLIAM HAROURT informs his correspondent that he "may add with confidence" that there will be a deficit next year. Perhaps this is meant as a trial of Mr. FULLER's faith; it certainly affords him a unique opportunity for the display of that virtue. It is, however, possible that he may not possess it in the requisite degree, and will weakly shrink from being made the mouthpiece of prophecy. He can, however, compromise the matter by stating, as he is advised to do, "with confidence," that there will be a deficit next year, but adding that the confidence is not his own property, but Sir WILLIAM HAROURT's. He can "tell them plainly" that he is not the lion himself, but only the joiner, or at least the FULLER.

Nevertheless, the risk of prophesying a deficit on Sir WILLIAM HAROURT's terms is not very formidable, because, by a slight extension of his reasoning, it would be easy to show that a genuine surplus is an impossibility as long as the National Debt exists. We have had his main argument from him at great length before in the House of Commons, on the platform, and, we think, in the newspapers, and a nation which, taking the average of its citizens throughout, has not such a bad head for figures, cannot see it. The public have the same difficulty in seeing his point, or at least in seeing that there is anything in it, as he himself has in understanding Mr. GOSCHEN's method of accounts—in which, oddly enough, the public, or those among them who have given their attention to it, find no extraordinary difficulty. All this, however, only shows how hard it is to hit the taste of an audience, to "knock them"—if we may borrow a phrase said to have been addressed in an aside by EDMUND KEAN to his son, in the midst of a most impassioned scene of tragedy—in that department of his art in which Sir WILLIAM HAROURT now aspires to shine. Mr. GOSCHEN, he complains, "has cut down the "fixed pension for the redemption of the debt by three "millions a year." Well, he has complained of that before, and the public remain unmoved. "He has created charges "on the taxes of the future, and anticipated future revenue "to the extent of many millions, which is equivalent to an "increase of the debt." That financial crime we have heard of, too, on more occasions than one; but the country obstinately refuses to regard it as a crime at all. They think better of the patriotism of the Government for having undertaken the defensive works which made the expenditure of these millions desirable; and they think no worse of Mr. GOSCHEN's finance for having provided for that expenditure in that particular way. They may be exasperatingly wrong-headed, but so it is. Sir WILLIAM HAROURT remains, and seems likely to remain, a neglected genius—a *financier incompris*. Future generations may do him justice. Perhaps he will get it when the National Debt is paid off; and people will all say how wise he was, and how truly he was inspired in pointing out that, if you borrow money, you can never live

within your income while it remains unpaid. But till that day Sir WILLIAM HAROURT, we fear, must be content to share public indifference with another master of figures who has been recently employing them for another purpose. Sir WILLIAM's "Financial Fancies" will have to take their place by the side of Mr. GLADSTONE's "Electoral Facts."

M. DUPUIS.

THE great actor who has just died in Paris was probably little more than name even to those of our countrymen who are most conversant with the French stage; and of late years he had appeared so seldom before the public that even Frenchmen had come to regard him as a stranger who was always welcome—but still a stranger. And yet there was a time when he divided with M. Bressant the honour of being the bright particular star of the boulevard, where he achieved a reputation that even that popular artist hardly reached.

He was born in 1824. His mother was a well-known actress of the Comédie Française, who, like many ladies in a similar position, tried to keep her son away from her own profession, and tried in vain. He became a member of M. Samson's class at the Conservatoire, and, by his advice, and through his influence, made his *début* at the Comédie. But, perhaps fortunately, he was tried in the *ancien répertoire*, and failed, or nearly so. He was too essentially modern to succeed even in the young men of Molière or Corneille. Then he went with a French company to Berlin, where we are told that he was successful; but the Revolution of 1848 put an abrupt end to the enterprise, and he presently returned home, penniless. Then he tried the romantic drama, and appeared as Saint-Mégrin in that fine play by Alexandre Dumas, *Henri III et sa Cour*, but only to make a second failure. At last, in 1850, he became a member of the company that, under the management of M. Montigny, had raised the Théâtre du Gymnase to be a formidable rival to the Comédie itself. In that congenial atmosphere he was at home; and his name appears as playing an important part in each of the pieces with which the younger Dumas made his way to fame and fortune. Among these may be mentioned *Diane de Lys*, *Le Demi-Monde*, *La Question d'Argent*, *Le Fils Naturel*, *Un Père Prodigue*. But, strange to say, he broke away from Paris in 1860, when his popularity was at its height, and joined the French theatre at St. Petersburg. We presume that he had been a prudent man, for on his return, after an absence of eighteen years, he declined to join any theatre in permanence, but signed an agreement with the Théâtre du Vaudeville by which he might appear occasionally, in pieces selected by himself.

In person he was, as a young man, tall and slender, with an expressive countenance, and a gaiety of voice and bearing which won for him the name of the French Charles Mathews. But, though they had many points of resemblance, M. Dupuis was a far more serious actor than his brilliant contemporary. He had a vein of irony in his nature which Charles Mathews never possessed, and could never have imitated. His Olivier de Jalin, in *Le Demi-Monde*, was a wonderful instance of this. He scorned the society of which he had once been a member, and he scorned himself for having lived with them. "I have been through it, and I see how vile it was, and how low I stooped, and I will take good care that no one else stoops as low as I did," was the keynote of his performance. Other actors—as, for instance, M. Delaunay—when the play was revived at the Comédie a few years since, have played the part as if the past had been at least amusing, if not respectable. Not so M. Dupuis. In his hands the famous monologue beginning "Aimez-vous les péchés," in which he shows that everybody in that *salon* had a blot somewhere, became a bitter denunciation, not a laughing satire. But it must not be supposed that he could only play parts requiring *une verve mordante*. When the character required it, he could be gay and mirth-provoking; and in after years, when his figure no longer permitted him to play young men, his rollicking fun was more natural, and therefore more infectious, than that of any actor it has been our good fortune to see. He delighted in delineating middle-aged gentlemen who had got into a scrape, and whose subterfuges, after surprising efforts to escape detection, were ignominiously exposed. His performance of the naughty old father in *Un Père Prodigue* (a comedy in which he had played the priggish son twenty years before) was a delightful example of what may be termed his second manner; but perhaps the funniest of all his pieces was *Le Voyage d'Agreement*, called in London *Fourteen Days*. How he revelled in deception; how he exulted over the credulity of his relatives; and how he brazened out detection! Nor was he unsuccessful, on occasion, in

delineating pathos, as those can testify who wept over his performance of *Le Nabab*.

We have heard that he was as much respected and liked in private life as he was admired on the stage.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL AND THE TRAMWAYS FROM THE RATEPAYERS' POINT OF VIEW.

II.

THE hope that we expressed last week has not been realized, and the efforts of Mr. Fardell and the moderate party to restrain the recklessness of the "Progressives" of the County Council have been in vain. The statutory numbers voted on Tuesday in favour of the purchase, and now the ratepayers of London have only the Board of Trade to look to for protection against an expenditure which, though not in itself of great importance, will set the precedent for further and more extravagant outlay, on which, so far as can be learned from an examination of figures, no profit can possibly accrue, and a serious annual loss may result. It is, therefore, in the hope that the Board of Trade may be induced to inquire into facts which the County Council has steadily and absolutely ignored, that we continue our examination of the probable consequences that would follow from the purchase of the lines of the most remunerative and best-managed Company in London.

We showed last week that, if the County Council bought the lines and plant of the London Tramways Company at their present value, and leased them back without restrictions, the maximum rent that the Company could pay would be equivalent to a rate of under one-fifteenth of a penny in the pound. We have now to inquire what will be the financial effect of the ten hours' working-day which it is the avowed intention of the Council to insert in their leases, and what consequences will follow if, as seems possible, the Council fail to find a responsible Company willing to accept their terms.

The employees of the London Tramways Company now work nearly twelve hours a day, and their wages, as stated in the last half-yearly accounts of the Company, amount, exclusive of office expenses, to 42,756*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* An increase in the scale of pay since 1st July will add about 10,000*l.* a year to this sum, so that the total wages now being paid by this Company are about 95,000*l.* a year. If the employees who now work twelve hours a day are in future to work only ten, the Company would have to increase their staff by one-fifth in order to keep up the present service; and, as there has never been any question of reducing the wages in proportion to the reduced hours of labour, it is clear that the expenditure under this head would have to be increased by 19,000*l.* a year, representing about 4*1*/*2* per cent. on the ordinary share capital. The dividends paid by this Company for the past five years average about 8*1*/*2* per cent. per annum, so that a ten hours' day would at once reduce the dividend by about one-half. If, as Mr. Bassett Hopkins suggests, restrictions as to fares, traffic, &c., were imposed in addition to the ten hours' day, the dividend would probably be still further diminished.

It may be said that a state of affairs which obliges a Company to work its employees twelve hours a day in order to earn a dividend is undesirable, and should be put a stop to. It is, at any rate, doubtful whether twelve hours' work of a not arduous character, in the open air, is excessive, especially seeing that it is of a kind which requires no previous education, and can be learned in three or four months, after which the workman receives 8*s.* to 9*s.* a year, or about the pay of many a curate who has had a costly education, and whose necessary expenses are far higher than those of the tram-driver. But the question is not the morality of a twelve hours' day, but whether, if the working hours are compulsorily reduced to ten, any Company can be formed to undertake the management after so large a hole is made in the possible dividend. Will investors embark in so risky a business as a tramway if the conditions are such that it is practically impossible for them to get a higher return from their capital than can be obtained from first-class securities? It cannot be argued that the increase in the working expenses made by a ten hours' day can be met by a rise in the fares. Apart from the fact that Mr. Bassett Hopkins, on behalf of the Highways Committee of the County Council, suggests restrictions on the liberty of the leasing Company as to the fares charged, it may safely be assumed that the London Tramways Company, after their eighteen years' experience, have put their charges at the most remunerative figure, and that, if higher fares meant increased profits, the increase would have been already made.

It appears, therefore, from an examination of the accounts of the most prosperous and the best managed of all the London Tramway Companies—

1. That if the County Council acquired the property at its

present value, the rent which the Company could afford to pay would be so small as to be practically no relief whatever to the rates; and that no Company, with any prospect of a dividend, could pay a sufficiently high rent to make the purchase a profitable one to the ratepayers.

2. That the conditions as to labour which it is the declared intention of the County Council to impose will so materially reduce the possible dividend that capitalists will be reluctant to invest in a business of a very speculative character, which may result in a loss, and can at best only bring them about the same return that they would get from trust investments.

Possibly, then, the consequence of the purchase by the County Council will be that they will find themselves saddled with a very costly property which they will be unable to lease out. They will therefore have to become tramway managers, and work the trams themselves. To do this special Parliamentary powers would have to be obtained, as the Tramways Act (§ 19) expressly forbids the local authority to run the cars themselves. It is possible that Parliament would not grant these powers; but even if permission were given, the difficulties of such an undertaking would be enormous. The County Council have already quite as much work on hand as they can get through. How can the members of the Tramways Committee find time to attend to the infinite number of details incident to the working of the line, such as the purchase and feeding of the horses, the repairs of the line, rolling-stock, &c. &c.? And yet, if all these complicated business details, many of them requiring special knowledge, are not carefully watched, the expenses will at once rise, and a loss to the ratepayers will ensue. For instance, the London Tramways Company (which, by the way, is not the largest of the Metropolitan Companies) has at present 3,287 horses. As Mr. Sellar pointed out in his speech already referred to, a penny a day added to the cost of feeding each horse will make a difference in the forage account of nearly 5,000*l.* a year. What effective check can a committee of the County Council, whose members probably have no special knowledge of horses and stables, place on the forage account, and how can they ensure that this extra penny shall not be spent? They would, of course, be at the mercy of their permanent officials, and every one knows that a business superintended by a salaried public official is not usually managed with rigid and watchful economy. The more the details of tramway management are considered, the clearer it becomes that the business is one which a public body cannot conduct on a large scale with any approach to the economy possible to a private Company.

It may be replied that, as a matter of fact, there is a Corporation in England which works its own trams, and that therefore the difficulties can be overcome. It is true that the Huddersfield Corporation have laid down their own lines, and have obtained special powers to run the cars on them. But the cases of Huddersfield and London are not on a par. Leaving out of account the active municipal life of Yorkshire, which is conspicuously absent in London, and which no doubt is a factor in promoting efficiency and economy of administration, the following points of difference in the conditions of the tramways of the two places may be noted:—Huddersfield has 11 miles of tramways, London 134 miles. Huddersfield has 14 locomotives and no horses, London has 25 locomotives and about 10,000 horses. In Huddersfield there is no omnibus competition, in London the competition both of the omnibuses and the railways is most active. On the other hand, the receipts per mile run are, in Huddersfield, 16*s* 2*d.*, while those of the London Tramways Company are 9*s* 5*d.*, and yet, in spite of the comparatively favourable conditions of the Yorkshire town, the trams there are run at a loss.

If, therefore, the small borough of Huddersfield makes a loss on its tramways, although they have not horses but steam-engines, which are not subject to sickness and death, and are generally more manageable from a financial point of view, and although the receipts per mile run are nearly double those of the best paying tramways in London, how can it be supposed that the London County Council, if they manage the trams themselves, will do it otherwise than at a heavy loss to the ratepayers?

It is only fair to add that the Council have announced that they do not desire or propose to work the trams; but it is possible that, if they buy the property and cannot lease it on satisfactory terms, they may think better of their declared intention.

Before any resolution to purchase the tramways becomes effective the consent of the Board of Trade must be obtained. Doubtless this proviso was inserted in the Tramways Act in order to protect the ratepayers. At any rate, it is to be hoped that the Board of Trade will take this view, and veto the proposed purchase, unless and until it is proved to them that the operation will at least not lead to further charges on the rates. If there was any general complaint about the service of the metropolitan tramways, there might be a show of reason for the proposal of the County Council to buy them up, so that better conditions

could be enforced, even at some expense. But there is no such complaint. The service is excellent, the cars are good, the fares are very low. If the purchase of the tramways is not to result in the relief of the already overburdened ratepayer, there can be no motive for proposing it beyond the desire, expressed by a section of the Council, of interfering with the free disposal of people's time by limiting the hours they may be permitted to work.

A useful illustration of the risks attendant on business like that of tramway management is to be found in the recently published accounts of the General Omnibus Company. Owing to the bad weather, the gross receipts of this Company for the half-year ending June 1891 were 17,127*l.* less than for the corresponding period of 1890, being a diminution of nearly 5 per cent.; while, in consequence chiefly of the rise in the price of grain, the working expenses increased by 34,093*l.*, or about 17 per cent., and the half-year showed an actual loss of 10,301*l.* to which the strike contributed little, if anything at all. Such a result on the half-year's working of a large and well-managed Company should alone suffice to convince the ratepayers that the management of trams and omnibuses is best left in private hands.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE art season has broken upon us with unexampled violence. We can scarcely hope to do justice to the numerous galleries which simultaneously threw themselves open to the public on Monday last. One of the most attractive of them, however, is certainly that of Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons, 5 Haymarket, where more than one hundred pictures, new and old, chiefly by foreign masters, are gathered together. Among these the "Palm Sunday Procession" (83) of J. Villegas would alone suffice to reward a visit. This is an extremely skilful attempt to resuscitate in the manner of Benozzo Gozzoli and his peers a fifteenth-century Venetian ceremony. The picture, which is large, is painted in light and vivid tones of pure scarlet, pink, white, and gold, with an effect which is quite extraordinary. While archaic in style, it is not pedantically antiquarian. The advancing children, with great garlands on their chubby heads, the stiff girls in white garments, the fantastic architecture and ornament of the church of S. Pietro, the grave seigneurs behind, in festal vermilion, all are composed with a delightfully rhythmical grace.

By the side of this refined Villegas we confess that we feel the Italian and Spanish disciples of Fortuny to be rather more distressingly hard and garish than ever. Domingo's large "The Prince's Amusement" (31) seems painted under the electric light; Benlliure's "Easter tide at S. Anastasio" (25) is careful and elaborate, but leaves us cold. Jiménez shows unusual delicacy of colour and sense of picturesqueness in "The Salute" (37), a last-century soldier kissing his hand to a girl at the window of an old thatched farmhouse. Domingo's "The Winning Trick" (70) is the most ambitious work of his we have seen, but hard and dazzling; he remembers little of the delicacy which he once learned from Meissonier. Those who delight in this school of painters will admire a "First Communion" (8) by L. Barbudo, drawn and painted by a very competent hand, but gaudily coloured and exaggerated in illumination. A strong piece of work is "Music Hath Charms" (42), a Greek or Albanian, in full national costume, playing on a guitar, with the national *bric-à-brac* about him, by Joannovitch.

Some excellent pictures, which are not new, are to be seen at Messrs. Tooth's. Here is Mr. Hook's "Music by the Sea" (56), of 1873; and Sir Frederick Leighton's "Kittens" (52). Here is "A Bacchanalian Feast" (103), by Mr. Alma Tadema, painted so long ago as 1871, very pale in colour, with a certain Belgian character, still discernible in its chilly delicacy. A very small and pretty Israels is "Play-time" (89), a child on the sands at Scheveningen. Here are several important landscapes by Mr. David Farquharson, Mr. Seymour Lucas's "The King's Visit to Wren" (69), from the Academy of 1888, and a "Paul and Virginia" (71), by M. Bouguereau. On a settee, unnumbered, is a very clever study of soldiers, in white uniforms, resting, under full outdoor light, on the top of a hill, by M. Detaille.

Neither in the works of British or of foreign artists is the Annual Winter Exhibition of oil-paintings at the Gallery of Mr. Thomas McLean, 7 Haymarket, particularly representative. The best work in this gallery is a large Israels, very dewy in tone and pearly in colour. This is called "The Fisherman's Return" (16), and is a composition of eight figures; the fisherman, his wife, and various children are seen tramping along the sands, with the sea as a background. The other Israels, "The Old Story" (21), is the old story indeed, a couple of village sweet-

hearts, very slightly sketched. More than one foreign genre-painter, whose work has been seen and admired in London, has made the fatal mistake of supposing that, because his small compositions have been liked, he has nothing to do but to paint the same subjects on a large scale in the same way to be liked still better. This is true of Herr Bauernfeind, whose "Warder of the Mosque, Damascus" (24), leaves much to be desired in refinement of colouring, and of José Benlliure, who treats a comic theme of an acolyte surreptitiously smoking a pipe "In the Priest's Absence" (13)—a subject tolerable, perhaps, in miniature—on a huge scale. The same painter's "Italian Peasants in the Church of St. Francis Assisi" (11) is flat and painty. Amusing genre, on the other hand, is "Seeking what he may devour" (5), by V. Chevilliard, an abbé buying a living duck of an old woman at her cottage door. A head by the young Silesian painter, Hermann Schmiechen, "Elsa" (4), is very freshly and vigorously put in, and contrasts favourably with "The Coquette" (3), a flushed bust, by no means worthy to be signed by Jacquet. We cannot applaud the new "Ophelia" (23) of M. Carolus Duran, although it is painted with that master's customary bravura. The flowers in the bosom are gaudy, and not by any means the posy of Ophelia, nor has the head much imaginative propriety. The soldiers of Koekkoek are always well drawn, and "Tracked" (41) gives us a very clever figure of a hussar, in a pink uniform, galloping down a forest alley, turning violently in the saddle at the sound of his pursuers' footfalls. But surely the trackers are much too close to him for his ears to have only just detected them? None of the Italian examples deserve mention.

Among the English pictures at Mr. McLean's Gallery we note beautiful Cecil Lawson, "Summer Evening, Kent" (20); it was painted in 1876. The light foliage of a tree diapers the foreground; at the back is very warm colour of sunlight on rising meadows. Mr. George Clausen's "Little Haymakers" (46) is not unsimilar to the Cecil Lawson in its landscape, but contains two rosy and ingenuous figures of little girls. "A Difficult Question" (14), by Mr. Pettie, shows us two ecclesiastics, one in scarlet, the other in ermine and sable, sweeping along a corridor in high discussion. There are also examples of Messrs. Burton Barber, Orrocks, Peter Graham, and Mark Fisher.

Mr. R. Thorne Waite is a member of the Old Water Colour Society who has opened an exhibition of nearly one hundred of his drawings at the Dowdeswell Galleries, 160 New Bond Street. These scenes of English pastoral landscape give a very fresh and pleasing effect of out-door life seen in its most soothng moods. Mr. Waite succeeds excellently well, though with rather a heavy and monotonous touch, in painting sketches of haymaking and harvesting in full sunlight, with cleverly composed groups of summer-looking figures, slight, but eminently fresh in treatment. He is less successful with waterside scenes under clouded skies. His women in sun-bonnets and his haymakers with rakes over their shoulders make up a pretty series of effects of English country life. He never attempts anything very striking or very novel, and he belongs to the conservative school of water-colour painters; but his work is often pleasing and always creditable.

At the Japanese Gallery, 28 New Bond Street, is a little collection of almost everything, except what is Japanese. This is a good little exhibition, the pictures pleasantly arranged, the works of each artist—and there are forty-three of the latter—being placed together. Sir James D. Linton contributes two costume-pieces of unequal merit. The "Queen Mary" (27) is quite unimportant; but the "Marmion" (26) is admirably painted, a solid study of a burly person in armour. Miss Ethel Kirkpatrick, who follows in the steps of Miss Clara Montalba, presents us with careful sketches of harbour-life, particularly a "Whitby Harbour" (2), which is well drawn, and two "Fishing Boats" (3 and 4), in which the reserved use of colour is judicious. Mr. H. Stannard, in "Honey Hills" (9), has done well to keep his distant trees well away from the foliage of the foreground. There is solid architectural work in Mr. Aloysius O'Kelly's scenes in Cairo, particularly in the treatment of the grey stone walls of the "Mosque of El-Azhar" (16). Mr. E. K. Johnson's dark glade illuminated by crimson "Oriental Poppies" (35) is an effective study of colour in an English garden. Mr. W. E. Norton's "Arrival of Herring Boats" (38) is a striking group of fisher-folk assembled on wet sands. We must also call attention to Mr. Rooke's views of "Lisieux" (102, 103); Mr. Frank Dillon's of "The Old Tithe Barn, Dunster" (92); and to the drawings of Mr. Edwin Hayes.

At the Bierstadt Exhibition, 47 New Bond Street, are collected eleven enormous pictures by the popular and sensational American landscape-painter, Mr. Albert Bierstadt. To our taste this artist lacks charm, but he has undoubtedly vigour, breadth of touch, and a genuine sense of what is grandiose in nature. He is a sort of Gustave Doré of landscape. "The Last of the Buffalo" is the largest of these vast canvases; it certainly

possesses noble qualities of design, and a just sense of mountain-form. All these pictures are impressive; they give an imposing sense of the startling force of Western scenery, yet we are scarcely prepared with a ready reply when "The Devil whoops, as he whooped of old, 'It's striking, but is it art?'"

At the Hanover Gallery is a collection of foreign pictures, new and old. The names of the artists are of the most eminent order, but the examples are seldom first-rate, or even second-rate. A not very happy chalk drawing by J. F. Millet (57), "The Return from the Fields," receives a prominent position; and there are, besides the usual gentle Corots with pale green foliage against grey skies, an experimental "Sunset" (31) which is not quite happy in its flamboyance. A theatrical and bituminous "Sunset near Havre" (1) is signed by Alfred Stevens; and "The Student" (25), a beautiful piece of colour, a confusion of bright phials and jars, is a really excellent example of Eugène Isabey. Here is a highly-finished "River Scene" (34) in the familiar manner of Daubigny. English amateurs are growing accustomed to see the clean-looking, bright, and hard transcripts of Venice by that feminine Canaletto, Mlle. Antoinette Brondeis. No exhibition seems complete without an Israels; "The Widow" (20) walking along a canal, with a church in the background, is intended to be extremely poignant; but, owing to some little error in aerial perspective, by which her figure appears to be eight or nine feet high, pity gives way to astonishment and alarm. A spirited Koekkoek is "Prussian Advance Guard" (55). M. Louis Leloir's "Tête-à-Tête" (40), an exceedingly pretty old Dutch interior, would deserve almost unmeasured praise if the background were not, unhappily, a little too strong for the figures in front of it.

We cannot praise the exhibition at the Nineteenth Century Art Gallery, Conduit Street, a large collection, including more than four hundred specimens, almost without exception mediocre in quality. In many cases the mere manipulation of the paint is so extraordinary as to suggest that classes in connexion with this gallery might well be instituted. It is strange that persons ignorant of the very elements of technique should be willing, and still more that they should have an opportunity, to invite the public to wonder at them. Mr. Julius Olsson, who is really an artist, seems almost a great master in such company. His "November Evening" (31) would be effective anywhere. We may also without undue flattery recommend the paintings of Mr. H. Dalziel, Mr. Reginald Smith, and Mr. A. M. Boyd.

An open-air exhibition of fine art was presented on Saturday last to the inhabitants of Rochdale, when the bronze statue of John Bright, by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., was unveiled. This is an admirable piece of iconic sculpture, vigorously and picturesquely modelled, the attitude dignified, the costume treated with judgment. One hand holds a bundle of notes, the other is extended in an attitude familiar to the orator; the head is raised, as in the act of speaking. We do not possess, especially in the provinces, so many competent statues that we can afford to overlook the welcome addition of one in every way so satisfactory as this.

MONEY MATTERS.

WINTER is only just beginning, and already the severity of the famine in Russia is creating grave alarm at home and abroad. A population about as large as that of England and Wales, inhabiting a district nearly twice the size of France, is said to be affected; and what makes the matter most serious is, that the provinces where the crops have most completely failed are those which usually have had the largest surplus for export to the other provinces and to the rest of Europe. As the winter goes on, therefore, the distress is likely to spread to the remaining provinces, which will not be able to draw supplies from what heretofore has been regarded as the granary of the Empire. And at the same time the Empire will not be able to sell to other countries as in the past, and thus to obtain means for the extraordinary expenditure it will have to incur. Unfortunately, it would seem that neither the Imperial nor the local Governments are quite equal to the task which they have to face, and the distress is becoming grievous. Famine-fever has broken out, and threatens, after spreading over Russia generally, to invade Western Europe. The peasants, according to report, are refusing to accept seed for their new crops, because it is offered them as a loan, and they are likewise declining to work upon the railways and other works started for their relief. It seems only too probable that political disturbances will occur; but, even if the Government should prove strong enough to maintain order, its credit must suffer lamentably, and that must have a very serious influence upon the Continental Bourses. At present it is estimated that the cost of relief will not be less than 20 millions sterling. We know how unwilling Governments are

to acknowledge the full extent of a calamity such as is now visiting Russia, and it seems safe, therefore, to conclude that the cost will considerably exceed 20 millions sterling. At the same time there must be a great falling off in the receipts. A starving people cannot pay taxes; they have not even food to keep themselves alive, and in their distress they are selling their cattle; so that, even if the tax-gatherer were to be as hard-hearted as he is generally painted, he would have nothing upon which to seize. There is sure to be, consequently, a very great decrease in the Russian revenue, and the Government, in order to face its difficulties, will have to increase very largely the issues of inconvertible paper money. That will depreciate still further the rouble notes, and so will reduce the credit of the Empire. At the same time it seems clear that at least part of the proceeds of the loan just raised in Paris must be applied to the purchase of grain for feeding the starving people and supplying them with seed. But French investors were assured that the money would be laid out in building railways, and that therefore there would be a specific property as security for what they lent. If they find, as seems inevitable, that the railways are not built, and that the money has to be spent in keeping the people alive, is it not extremely likely that they will accuse the Russian Government of breaking faith with them? or, at all events, that they will consider their security less good than they had supposed—all the more because they will know that fresh loans will have to be raised to complete the contemplated railways? And their dissatisfaction will be increased as the news from Russia becomes more and more gloomy. When reports of wholesale deaths from starvation, and of the spread of famine-fever, reach Western Europe, it seems inevitable that the credit of the Russian Government must decline, and that in consequence there must be a very heavy fall in all Russian securities. It is estimated that German investments in Russia are not much short of 300 millions sterling; probably the estimate is grossly exaggerated, for Germany, we must remember, is a much poorer country than our own or France. On the other hand, we must bear in mind that German investments, not only in Russian Government bonds, but in railways, factories, lands, and so on, have been going on upon a large scale for generations past. As the famine becomes more intense, as failures in the great cities grow more numerous, as fever spreads, and as the apprehension of political troubles deepens, anxiety in Germany will augment. Every holder of Russian securities will be anxious to sell before an actual crash occurs, and German capitalists will, therefore, throw as much stock as they can upon the Paris Bourse. It may well be doubted, however, whether the Paris Bourse will be able to buy very freely. Roughly, it is estimated that in France now not much less than 100 millions sterling of Russian bonds are held. For so rich a country as France that would not be an inconvenient amount, were everything favourable. But, as matters now are, French investors are likely to be as anxious as German to realize before the inevitable crash comes. In all probability, then, we shall see a very severe fall in Russian securities before long. Every one will be anxious to sell, and few will be disposed to buy; and in that state of things there must be a fall. But a heavy fall in such vast masses of stock will be serious for the bankers and speculators of Paris and Berlin. That Russian securities are largely held by bankers and speculators there can be no doubt, and a lock-up on the part of the one and heavy losses on the part of the other are likely to lead to a general decline in all prices. Even if political order is maintained, and France proves rich enough to prevent an actual crisis, it seems certain that there must be a very trying time during the next few months. But is it possible that France can be rich enough to prevent a crisis, looking at the financial difficulties of Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Greece, and the crippled condition of speculators in Germany?

The Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount to 4 per cent. During the week ended Wednesday night gold amounting to three-quarters of a million was withdrawn from the Bank for Germany, Russia, Egypt, and the United States. The withdrawals for those countries will continue, and it is understood that next week a large amount will be shipped to Buenos Ayres; while now the usual withdrawals for Scotland are beginning. The reserve, therefore, is likely to decrease considerably, and it certainly was not too soon to take measures for its protection. We venture to think that the Directors would have been better advised had they made the change some weeks ago; but they feared then that they would not be able to take the outside market with them. Now, however, the supply in the outside market has been greatly reduced, not only by the gold shipments, but also by the Bank's borrowing, and there ought to be no difficulty in making the 4 per cent. rate effective. If, however, the joint-stock banks will not co-operate with the Bank of England for that purpose, it is to be hoped that the Directors will go on borrowing until they sufficiently reduce the supply in the outside market. If they do not, but allow outside

rates to remain unduly low, the gold shipments will become so large that the market will be disturbed by-and-bye.

There has been this week a somewhat better demand for silver for India and the Continent, but still the demand is small, and speculation is absent, though an effort is being made to revive it. The price of the metal, consequently, is but 44*1/2*d. per oz.

The news from Russia is becoming so serious that at last Russian securities are declining in price. The new loan has been this week at a discount of about 2*1/2* per cent., and the old Four per Cents have likewise given way. Yet the fall is quite trifling, considering how terrible the famine threatens to become. It is understood that the Russian Minister of the Interior is urging that a ukase should be issued forbidding the export of wheat, oats, and barley. He is being opposed by the Minister of Finance, on the ground that, however necessary the measure may be for internal purposes, it would have a disastrous effect upon the new loan in Paris. It seems to be generally agreed that the prohibition will be put off for a week or so; but, on what seems undoubted authority, it is stated that the ukase will then appear. With official evidence of this kind, and with the newspaper reports of the intensity of the famine and of the outbreak of famine fever, it is surprising that the fall in prices has not been greater. But it may safely be predicted that, having once begun, it will go much further. The Bank of Spain has been negotiating in Paris for a loan to enable it to increase its metallic reserve and put an end to the depreciation of its notes. The negotiations as yet have come to nothing; but probably the Bank will get the assistance it requires. It is understood that some of the great bankers in Paris are willing to give help in the form of the purchase of redeemable bonds, but that the price they offer is so low that the Bank of Spain hesitates to accept. In the long run, however, it must agree to the terms imposed if the Paris bankers are firm, for the condition of Spain is too critical to be allowed to last very long. In spite of all this, there has been some recovery in Paris this week. Spanish bonds, for example, which at the end of last week fell below 66, have this week been as high as 67*1/2*. But the recovery cannot last; even if the Bank of Spain gets help, Spanish securities are too high. For the moment, however, those in the best position to judge think that the danger of a crisis on the Paris Bourse has been averted; how soon difficulties will recur remains to be seen.

In the American market speculation is still held in check. The Stock Exchange Settlement, which began on Tuesday morning and ended on Thursday evening, shows that the account open for the rise contracted during the fortnight, and that stock has passed from the hands of weak operators into those of strong capitalists. Still, operators are held in check, partly by the fear of what may occur in Paris and in Argentina, partly by the dispute that has arisen between the American and Chilian Governments, and partly by the impending State elections. Few believe that the Chilian quarrel will become serious; but until the State elections are determined there is a general unwillingness to engage in new risks. It is thought that these elections will give some indication as to the present strength of the Silver party. Any danger of a new agitation for free coinage would undoubtedly have a bad effect upon the Stock Exchange, whereas if the Silver party has lost ground, confidence would be strengthened throughout the Eastern and Southern States. Meantime, the exports of grain from the United States are on an enormous scale. For the month of September the value amounted to 31*1/2* million dollars, against less than 7*1/2* million dollars in September of last year; and if the export of wheat is prohibited in Russia, a further increase in the exports from the United States is inevitable. Owing to the improved economic condition of the country and the larger earnings of the railways, there is a much better demand for bonds than has existed for two or three years. For fully three years now bankers in the United States have had an inconveniently large proportion of their capital locked up in unsaleable bonds—bonds, that is to say, which were issued from 1885 to 1887 for railway construction, and were bought by the banks, but which the public refused to take. Now it is reported that the bankers are selling those bonds in very large amounts. As yet prices have not risen very much, and the judicious investor, who takes care to inform himself properly, can buy good bonds to yield him from 4*1/2* to 5 per cent., while he can buy Income bonds—that is to say, bonds the payment of the interest on which depends upon the earnings of the year—to yield him about 6*1/2* per cent., even in cases where there is a strong probability that the interest will be paid next year. There has likewise been a very strong demand for good dividend-paying shares, such as those of the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, and the Lake Shore; but the mere speculative shares have been neglected, and we would repeat that investors in this country will do well to leave those speculative shares altogether alone. In Home Railway stocks there has likewise been a better demand, but other departments have been very quiet.

Trade continues fairly good. The improvement in iron and steel is maintained, and there is a decidedly better feeling in the cotton trade. The price of raw cotton is now very low, and the supply promises to be abundant.

The wheat market is still very quiet; but, in spite of the abundant harvest in America, it seems clear that prices must be higher next year than they are now, as Russia will cease to supply, and all Europe has larger requirements.

During the week the movements in prices have not been very considerable, but generally they are upward in the case of sound investment securities, and downward in the case of mere speculative securities. In Home Railway stocks there is an almost general advance. The agreement between the Scotch lines has caused a considerable rise in Scotch stocks. Thus Caledonian Undivided closed on Thursday at 120*1/2*—a rise, compared with the close on the preceding Thursday, of 1*1/2*; and North British Deferred closed at 44*1/2*, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$. The English heavy lines have all advanced likewise. North-Eastern Consols closed on Thursday evening at 156*1/2*—a rise, compared with the preceding Thursday, of $\frac{1}{2}$. Great Western closed at 158*1/2*, a rise of 1*1/2*; London and North-Western closed at 170*1/2*, a rise of 1*1/2*; and there was the same rise in Midland, which closed at 162*1/2*. In Lancashire and Yorkshire the rise was as much as 2, the price on Thursday being 110. On the other hand, there is a general fall in American securities. There is reported to be a much better demand than recently for bonds and dividend-paying shares, yet even the dividend-paying shares have declined, comparing the close on Thursday with the close on the preceding Thursday. For example, Louisville and Nashville shares closed at 80*1/2*, a fall compared with the close on the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$. New York Central closed at 116*1/2*, a fall of 1*1/2*; Lake Shore closed at 127*1/2*, a fall of 1*1/2*, and Illinois Central closed at 106, a fall of 2. The mere speculative shares likewise declined. Denver closed at 18*1/2*, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; Erie closed at 31*1/2*, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; Union Pacific closed at 41*1/2*, a fall of 1*1/2*; and Atchison closed at 44*1/2*, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. After the Stock Exchange was closed there was a recovery in the street, and quite late prices advanced sharply, especially Atchison shares, which recovered on a good September statement. The depreciation of Argentine railroad securities continues. Thus Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock closed on Thursday at 70-73, a fall of 1, and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 121-3, also a fall of 1. The Argentine Funding Loan closed at 60, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$, and the Buenos Ayres Provincial Six per Cents of 1882 closed at 32-34, a fall of 3. Chilian Four and a Half per Cents closed at 88*1/2*, a fall of 1, mainly due, no doubt, to the dispute with the United States, and Brazilian Four and a Half per Cents closed at 71, a fall of 1*1/2*. The efforts of the great operators in Paris interested in Spanish finance have caused some slight recovery. Spanish Fours closed on Thursday at 67*1/2*, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; but Russian Fours closed at 94, a fall of 1*1/2*. Egyptian United closed at 96, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; Egyptian Preference Three and a Half per Cent. scrip closed at 87*1/2*, also a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Rio Tinto Copper shares closed at 18*1/2*, a fall of 1.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

MR. PINERO'S new comedy, *The Times*, with which the winter season at Terry's Theatre opened on Saturday night last, is something more than a mere stage-play; it is a literary work, almost as interesting and amusing to read as it is to see acted. In many respects, especially in its triteness and simplicity, it recalls, and very forcibly too, some of the best of Goldoni's comedies, the plots of which usually deal rather with the follies of society than with its serious vices. More than once has the great Venetian dramatist satirized the special foible which forms the leading motive of Mr. Pinero's piece—the rage for getting into society—vide *Il Cavaliere e la Dama* and *La Donna Ambiziosa*. It is certainly paying the English playwright no small compliment to compare him to so illustrious a writer as the Italian Molière. The story—what there is of it—is told with much skill and directness, and if the “types” introduced into this amusing play are doubtless well-worn puppets enough, yet Mr. Pinero has infused into them fresh vitality. Bompas is an amusing personage, with a strong dash of humanity in his composition which wins our sympathy, if not our respect. Mr. Terry plays this part to admiration. Throughout he dominates the piece, without however in any way destroying its harmony by making himself over-prominent—a difficult task, for we have little or no lovemaking to relieve the incessant satire which occasionally threatens to become monotonous. The young people are uninteresting and have little or nothing to do. Howard Bompas

(Mr. Henry V. Esmond), the son, is a blemish on the piece. No doubt society abounds in caddish, dissipated, drunken youths, whose vices are often fostered by follies such as those indulged in by Bompas and his wife, who occupy themselves far more assiduously in obtaining an invitation to a party than they do with the moral welfare of their spoilt children. Still, if only for stage purposes, the Bompas couple might have been spared the infliction of this weak-minded silly boy. The three girls' parts are mere sketches, very nicely acted by Miss Annie Hill, Miss Barradell, and Miss Hetty Dene. As to the lover, the *jeune premier* of the piece, Lord Lurgashall, he is a mere outline, which fortunately Mr. W. T. Lovell renders fairly tolerable by his distinguished appearance and manner. We have only praise for the Mrs. Bompas of Miss Fanny Brough. She played this difficult part with remarkable dignity and grace, and although she never attempted to slur its vulgarity and eccentricity, she throughout displayed a kindly nature and a wifely devotion which won her the sympathy of the audience. We do not remember to have seen better acting, even at the Francais, in the good old days of the Brohans. By dint of delicate touches and much subtlety, Mr. Elliott, as the Hon. Monty Trimble, paints the portrait of one of the meanest of social parasites, the man whose business it is to introduce rich and noble snobs to each other, and organize the social functions and balls of people who lack acquaintance. Mr. McShane, M.P., as played by Mr. Fred Thorne, is a good figure. The other characters, as we have intimated, are mere sketches. Miss Helena Dacre plays this part very well, but strives vainly to give it vitality. It persists in remaining only a lay-figure. The Countess of Miss M. Talbot is disagreeable and impossibly rude. No woman of the world would, or could, behave with such stage impoliteness as this essentially theatrical peeress. On the other hand, the Mrs. Hooley of Miss Leighton is a clever performance. With all its faults, Mr. Pinero's is in many ways a work of art, and of high literary merit. Its construction is remarkable. Throughout it exhibits a perfect command of stage technique and resource. The dialogue is singularly crisp and brilliant, and the characterization excellent. We have already pointed out several of its faults, of which none is more conspicuous than the frequency with which, in order to clear the stage for private conversation, the characters are sent to the back to stand about in chattering groups. Several good scenes were spoilt by this weak device. The "curtains," however, are striking and original.

Godpapa, which was produced late last week at the Comedy Theatre, is one of those prolonged farces which, like the proverbial butterfly, resists breakage on the wheel of criticism. A curious theatrical article might be written on the number of plays, serious and otherwise, which, since that good old melodrama *Le Postillon de Fougerol*, have begun their intrigue in a Matrimonial Agency—a class of industry which first became known in France after the great wars which opened the present century, and which doubtless owes its origin to their devastating influence. In this country it has usually been associated with unpleasant revelations in the police-courts, and has never become popular. It is otherwise on the Continent, and therefore the plot of *Les Mariages Riches* was much more suitable to a Palais Royal audience than it is to an English one. On the scheme of this bright French vaudeville Messrs. F. C. Philips and C. Brookfield have founded *Godpapa*. The scene opens in an aristocratic Matrimonial Agency which has been recently established in Mayfair by a "reduced" lady "of family," who employs her brother, Sir George, as her chief clerk. The characters apply to this priestess of Hymen for husbands and wives, and she, poor lady! very innocently mixes them up in the most diverting manner. The pivot round which they all revolve is a young milliner named Maria Browne, an "engaged young woman." That Mr. Reginald should wish to get rid of this fair siren before contracting a rich marriage is natural enough. He applies to a Matrimonial Agency to marry her off to some good fellow who will take her and 1,000/- down from "Godpapa." How she gets engaged to the young gentleman's future father-in-law, how she turns out to be the daughter of his future uncle, and how, after many amusing adventures, she decides to marry a comfortable farmer, who, under the name of "Pygmalion," has wandered into the Agency in search of a wife, are matters which must be seen to be appreciated, and which would take up more time to relate than they merit. A piece of this sort depends almost entirely on the briskness with which it is acted. Mr. Philips and Mr. Brookfield have written plenty of smart dialogue, and the company speak it with due appreciation of its humour. The only fault to be found with it is that they have a good deal too much to say and too little to do. The first act is rather slow, the second not much brisker, but the third is quite excellent. The piece, moreover, bristles with funny things, which cause genuine merriment. People who go to see a play like *Godpapa* care very

little what it is about if it only amuses them, and, barring one or two rather draggy episodes, this farcical comedy is very droll indeed. As we have intimated, it is admirably acted. Mr. Brookfield, always a past-master in the great art of "make-up," is very funny as the lovesick old bachelor who has fallen through the medium of the Matrimonial Agency into the coils of the seemingly innocent Miss Browne. Mr. C. Hawtrey is bright and amusing as Mr. Reginald, the author of all the troubles which befall the family of his betrothed; but Mr. W. F. Hawtrey has very little to do as the father of naughty little Miss Browne, a part wisely entrusted to Miss Lottie Venne, who seems fairly to revel in a character so admirably suited to her amusing style. It is a long time since we have seen this capital actress in such excellent spirits. She rattles off her ceaseless flow of lies and innuendoes with a catlike grace which is quite worthy of imitation in the world we live in. Mrs. St. Germain, the lady who keeps the Agency, is well played by Miss Annie Irish, and Miss Vane Featherston is excellent as a mother-in-law, who persists in speaking bad French.

To-night *The Planter*, adapted from the French by Mr. W. Yardley, will be produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and on Monday, November 2, Mr. Henry A. Jones's new comedy, *The Crusaders*, will be represented for the first time at the Avenue Theatre.

At noon yesterday (Friday) Miss Ada Rehan laid the foundation-stone of the theatre which Mr. George Edwardes is to build for Mr. Augustin Daly. In the midst of a distinguished gathering of theatrical and literary celebrities, the actress performed this interesting ceremony, and Mrs. Bancroft broke a bottle of wine over the fresh masonry, and christened the theatre the "Daly." Mr. Augustin Daly's company will, however, not return to this country until 1893. Meanwhile the American season at the Lyceum is rapidly approaching its close. On Tuesday next, Miss Rehan will appear as Rosalind for a few nights only.

THE WEATHER.

In our last notice we mentioned some low barometer readings recorded during the storm of the 12th inst., but since that notice appeared more complete information has been received, and from that we learn that at the stations in the North of Ireland, as well as at Fort William and Nairn, the barometer fell below 28 inches on the evening of the 12th. Such exceptional readings as these have only been registered once or twice during the last quarter of a century. The week which has just passed has shown some improvement in the weather. We have had no storm to chronicle, and, during the last few days, have had some respite from rain, and consequent abatement of the floods in most parts of the country. The change in our weather has been brought about by the transference of the region of low barometer from the north to the south, and the consequent change of wind. This took place at the end of last week. On Saturday morning the barometer was rising very generally, and a small depression was just passing eastwards over the Baltic. On Sunday an anti-cyclone began to show itself in the south of Norway, and at the same time a small depression appeared near Biarritz, and caused the wind in the south of England to draw into east. This system produced heavy rain in the west and south of France, 1.10 inch falling at Rochefort on Saturday, and 1.46 inch at Nice on Sunday. Here in London we had on Monday evening as disagreeable weather as we often experience, with a wet east wind. Fortunately the temperature was not low for the time of year, but an uninterrupted fall of rain for some twenty-four hours is not a pleasant experience. Tuesday was at last really dry, and nothing beyond a few drops of rain was reported from any station in these islands on Wednesday morning, while no rain at all fell on Wednesday. Up to Saturday last, the 24th, the average amount of rainfall had been reached in almost all districts, and even exceeded in the extreme north and south; but, as we said in our last, we cannot be sure that much of our recent heavy rain has reached the springs. We hear that the fine weather we reported from southern Germany in our last continued up to the end of last week, and on Friday the 23rd the temperature at Vienna was almost that of summer.

OPERA AT THE SHAFESBURY THEATRE.

WITH every wish to encourage Signor Lago in his spirited attempt to break down the monopoly of Italian opera with which London has been lately threatened, it is impossible either to commend his judgment in mounting such a work as Wagner's

Fliegende Holländer on so small a stage as that of the Shaftesbury Theatre, and with such inadequate forces at his command, or to speak at all favourably of the result of the experiment. Operatic competition is by all means to be encouraged, for the public is the gainer when rival managers have to bid for its favour; but such displays as that of last Tuesday can do no good to any one. Wagner's early opera is distinguished from all his other works by its peculiar romantic character; it seems throughout to breathe of the stormy sea-voyage which inspired the composer to write it, and for this reason it demands exceptionally careful stage-management and mounting. Even when in former years it was performed at Covent Garden, Her Majesty's, Drury Lane, and the Lyceum, there was much at each theatre to be desired in the manner in which it was staged, but last Tuesday's performance at the Shaftesbury was far worse than any of these, and when the curtain finally fell the last notes of the orchestra were drowned in laughter, not unmixed with hisses. The poverty of the scenery might have been forgiven; but the appalling singing (?) of the chorus—especially of the female portion—and the slips and slovenly playing of the orchestra admit of no excuse. The principal artists, who struggled manfully against their surroundings, deserve sincere commiseration. Miss MacIntyre's Senta ought to be one of her best impersonations, and under different circumstances would probably have been far more effective than it was. At present she does not make us forget Mme. Albani; but her singing of the beautiful duet with the Dutchman in Act ii. was very good, and throughout the opera her courage and intelligence gained for her the only genuine applause of the evening. Signor Blanchard's Vanderdecken was fairly good, though his singing is marred by a continual *vibrato*, which is especially unsuited to Wagner's music. Signor "Franco Novara" could not make much of the part of Daland, and his Italian pronunciation curiously belied his foreign pseudonym. Signor Dorini, as Eric, did not sing badly in the second act, but in the last scene he lost all self-control under the untoward surroundings, so that the audience, which had been so far wonderfully forbearing, treated him more hardly than he deserved. As the steersman Mr. Philip Newbury showed that he has a pleasant voice, and will probably prove a useful singer. Miss Damian took the small part of Mary, but was paralysed by being surrounded by such a female chorus. The prompter, whose prominence entitled his name to appear in the list of performers, was admirable. He performed his arduous part with untiring energy, and the excellent enunciation of his words caused them to be heard with the greatest distinctness throughout the house. The efforts of so good an artist deserved a call before the curtain, instead of the attempt to silence him made by an unappreciative pit.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

A TERRIBLY wet day on Monday, as we journeyed to Newmarket, made us fear that we were in for another wet week, but happily the morning of Tuesday, though dull, was fine, and an early start had to be made at 12.15, as the Jockey Club had provided the unusual number of nine races and a Match—too many events, we venture to think, for the shortening autumn days. The sport provided, moreover, was of an unimportant character, and calls for little comment, the Criterion Stakes alone excepted. Here we were treated to a magnificent race, Mr. Houldsworth's Mortgage, with 8 st. 8 lbs., winning by a short head from Mr. Milner's St. Angelo, 9st. 1 lb. We think that, if the latter had been steadied in the last two hundred yards, he might just have averted defeat; but all praise must be accorded to Mornington Cannon for the beautifully-timed finish he rode on the winner. Both first and second had been reported coughing; but, be that as it may, they finished a long way in front of the others, though John Porter thought that Orville had come on since the last Meeting some 7 lbs. or so.

A perfect October morning held out the promise of a lovely day for the Cambridgeshire, the sun shining brilliantly, though the air was chilly, and the atmosphere beautifully clear. A large company was present at Messrs. Tattersall's sales, where Count Lehndorff would not be stalled off one of the Duke of Westminster's celebrated Agnes mares, Jessie Agnes, until it had fallen to his nod of 1,850 guineas. Racing began at one o'clock with the Feather Plate, this as usual falling to a two-year-old, Cambol by name. The Dereham Plate was only remarkable for the bad show made by Sainfoin, possibly the luckiest and most moderate Derby winner for many years. After Lord Zetland's not-too-often successful colours had been carried first past the post by Carmilhan in the Cheveley Stakes, the number board told us that twenty-nine runners would compete for the Cambridgeshire. The British public had taken to this

race as a speculative medium very keenly, and some of the candidates must have been supported to win vast fortunes. At the start Memoir was the favourite, though we are aware that Comedy was returned in the papers at the same price, which perhaps those who are up to the mysterious working of the "Starting Price" gentleman may quite understand. Certainly a great deal of mystery surrounded Comedy, who, by the way, is a most magnificent filly—by Ben Battle, who gave us the grand Bendigo, Irish-bred of course. She had won in the spring a Maiden Race at Kempton, when heavily backed. She afterwards ran in the Hunt Cup at Ascot, and in the Peveril of the Peak Plate at Derby without showing prominently, nor indeed did the stable outlay on those two occasions, if rumour is to be credited, much enrich the bookmakers. After a short delay at the post, the large field were despatched to an excellent start, and as soon as the colours were clearly to be discerned, it was seen that Bumptious on the opposite side of the course, Memoir on the near side, Comedy, Breach, and the Prince of Wales's Derelict were all running well. Comedy won cleverly, if not easily, by a good half-length from Breach; Derelict, who perhaps is hardly a boy's horse, being third; the outsider, Shancrotha close up, fourth, with Warlaby fifth. There were loud cheers as the number went up, presumably from the Irish backers of the filly; but no sooner had the winner weighed in than whispers were heard that the Stewards of the Jockey Club had demanded from the jockey Ibbet an explanation of Comedy's running at Derby and Ascot; and as these lines are being written the inquiry is proceeding. A Selling Plate, which followed, was won by Mr. Cosmo Bonsor's exceedingly good-looking Wisdom colt, Thessalian, which, entered to be sold for 100*l.*, fell to the bid of Mr. E. C. Clayton, acting for Lord Penrhyn, at the unusually high price of 1,000 guineas—a capital stroke of business for the Jockey Club. After Mr. L. de Rothschild's light, shelly filly, Queen of the Riding, sister to Galloping Queen, had secured a Nursery from a large field, the senior Steward of the Jockey Club, Prince Soltykoff, won the Second Welter with the neat chestnut Chloridia in hollow style. The sole topic of conversation on our return to the town was the little comedy the Stewards were assisting at in the Keeper of the Match-book's Room. It was truly an eventful Cambridgeshire. We had almost omitted to say that Memoir and Blue-Green, who on several occasions met as three-year-olds, and ran exceedingly close races, again met as four-year-olds in the race, and, although Blue Green had a slight advantage in weight, the Duke of Portland's mare again asserted her superiority decisively. The going was, of course, heavy both days—not to be wondered at when the rainfall for the present month in the locality of Newmarket has been over six inches, the greatest amount registered for over forty years, we believe; on Monday it poured all day.

Thursday morning, though crisp, and perhaps a little cold, was delightful. Messrs. Tattersall's paddocks are a pleasant lounge when the weather is fine, but there were no sensational prices this morning; people talked of the Comedy inquiry which is still proceeding, and also of the possibility of Ormonde's return to this country from South America. We walked to the Rowley Mile Stand to find the three on the card were going to start for the Subscription Stakes. The neat and thoroughly game two-year-old Lorette was opposing the speedy Marvel and Galloping Queen, but as Galloping Queen was only receiving 3 lbs. from Marvel, whereas in a handicap she would have received some 9 lbs. or 10 lbs. more, her chance seemed forlorn. However, the race was one of the most exciting and closest possible. Lorette seemed to have a trifle the worst of it fifty yards from the winning-post, but she struggled on with unflinching pluck, and the result was that she and Galloping Queen ran a dead heat, with Marvel beaten a short head from them. The Third Welter-Handicap was only remarkable for the runaway win of Fontainebleau, whose former ungenerous displays had caused the handicapper to allot him a very light weight. In another handicap over the last mile and three-quarters of the Cesarewitch-course Mr. Merry's new purchase, Ralph Neville, could not carry his heavy burden to the fore; but the second in the Cesarewitch, Penelope, proved herself to be a game, staying filly, as she was only beaten a short neck by Mr. "Charles's" Orange Peel, to whom she was conceding 1 year and 26 lbs.—a satisfactory confirmation of the Cesarewitch form. Indeed, her owner, Mr. "Kilsyth," was, perhaps, unlucky to meet such a good stayer as Ragimunde in that race, and not to land the great stake he stood to win over this Selling Plate. Orme's performances, especially in the Middle Park Plate, at the last meeting, frightened away all opposition in the Dewhurst Plate except El Diablo and Hatfield. El Diablo certainly met his old opponent on better terms than in the Middle Park Plate; but Orme had won with such ridiculous ease that no one anticipated that the verdict would be reversed; nor was it. Orme, again making his own running, won as before in splendid style, El Diablo being

second. We think he shows more quality than his sire Ormonde, and that his shoulders are more perfect, but the likeness of son to father is most striking. All lovers of a high-class horse will hope that this exceptionally good colt may escape the wind infirmity of his sire. The Duke of Westminster has, indeed, cause to believe that in Orme he has the best two-year-old that ever carried the "yellow and black cap." Like Fontainebleau, the seasoned Whitehall ran away with the Houghton Handicap, with a penalty, too, of 7 lbs. for his win of Tuesday. Whitehall has been considered untrustworthy in his races; but when such animals do win, and have matters their own way, they constantly win again even with a penalty. Perhaps they are pleased with themselves, and find that to win does not trouble them more than to lose. A Selling Plate was only noticeable from the fact that Scent Bottle turned round when the flag fell, and that three jockeys on other horses, thinking it was not a start, remained at the post. Colonel Oliver Montagu's Carlina, who was pretty smart early in the season, won easily, and was retained by her owner at 440 guineas. Luttrellstown, who was heavily backed, was one of those who did not get off. Eleven starters went down to the post for the Brethy Nursery, and again were we treated to a magnificent race, Sophism on the far side of the course appearing from the Jockey Club Enclosure to be winning easily; but Sea View on the near side was not so easily discernible, and the Judge said "Sea View by a head," with Pumpernickel a neck behind. Sea View was Lord Zetland's second winner this afternoon, and he was present to see his successes. The Free Handicap, which is issued before the Derby from Messrs. Weatherby's office, and is generally considered as a kind of half-authoritative prophecy as to the merits of the season's three-year-olds, only produced two runners, Lord Hastings's Breach being kept in the stable after her efforts in the Cambridgeshire, though at the weight she was allotted here—7 st. 2 lbs.—she would have had, if fresh, a comparatively easy task in many practical judges' opinion. Patrick Blue, 7 st. 2 lbs., was to oppose Orvieto, at 8 st. 2 lbs., across the flat, or about a mile and a quarter. Though there were only two runners, the race was interesting from the fact of Patrick Blue's supposed liking for a distance of ground and Orvieto's supposed predilection for a mile. Patrick Blue forced the pace, as was only to be expected with his stone pull in the weights; but when Orvieto came up to him just after the bushes were passed, and raced with him for a few strides to the Abingdon mile bottom, it was all over, and Orvieto won very easily. Perhaps Orvieto, like Galloping Queen, is a better horse in a small field than with a number of horses; anyhow it looked as if another 7 lbs. would not have prevented his winning. Although he has not carried off any of the coveted three-year-old great prizes, he has proved a very useful animal to his owner and breeder, Mr. J. H. Houldsworth. There were all sorts of stories and rumours of what was going on in the Comedy inquiry, but as the hearing is still proceeding, it would be impolitic to discuss them.

Newmarket at the present time, with its well-arranged Stand at the Rowley Mile finish, and its pretty lawn and well-shaded plantation on the July Course, "behind the Ditch," is very different from the Newmarket of twenty years ago. Now so many ladies attend, many on horseback, and they can see the races in such comfort, that it is not too much to say that Newmarket is a most fashionable place. No course in the world can be compared to the Rowley Mile, and we venture to think that at no little town in the Kingdom are there such pleasant dinner-parties as during a race-meeting at the "little town in Suffolk." It is with feelings of sadness that we think that we have bid adieu to it until early spring.

A PATRIOT'S DREAM.

[After the noise ceased, Mr. O'Brien said, "I can only say that, much as Mr. Redmond's supporters profess their hatred for the armed power of England, it is mighty well there a line of British bayonets to-night between you and them." (Cheers).]

OCH! sure ye're right, O'Brine, me bhoys,
and mighty well, bedad! it is
The polis are in line, me bhoys,
purteetin' loife and limb.
They're shouting "Down with Dillon!" bhoys,
but divil doubt 'em! glad it is
They're feeling, every willin', bhoys,
that we can't down with them.

Ah! let 'em shwear and shout, me bhoys,
the rapparees! bad scran to them!
It's us would have 'em out, me bhoys,
and rowl 'em in the mud;

But the throops are not retreatin', bhoys,
we can't do what we can to them;
And we must howld the meetin', bhoys,
widout a ddrop of blood.

Whoo! phililoo! bark there, me bhoys,
and hould your blackthorns steady now—
Another! did ye hear, me bhoys,
the murdherin' blaygards' cry?
They're groanin' for Tim Healy, bhoys!
Hurroo! another! steady, now!
And brush and comb it freely, bhoys,
whatever head you spy!

We're only twenty score, me bhoys;
there's thousands over there of 'em;
But we could tackle more, me bhoys,
than iver they could bring.
If the corrsed military, bhoys,
would lave off taking care of 'em,
And our Constabulary, bhoys,
would only keep the ring.

But there! wid throops on guard, me bhoys,
we'd never get a smack at 'em;
It seems a thrife hard, me bhoys,
that we are left alone.
With sopers they surround 'em, bhoys,
they know that we could jacket em';
They ought to let us pound 'em, bhoys,
with sopers of our own.

Begorra! there's a thought, me bhoys!
it almost tuk me breath away!
Suppose that, as they ought, me bhoys,
they gave us sopers, too.
We might see them Saxon brothers, bhoys,
all foightin' to the death away;
One rigimint for them others, bhoys,
another one for you.

If we ourselves can't foight, me bhoys,
we ought to foight by diputy;
It seems no more than roight, me bhoys,
that they should foight instead;
And we would watch deloightin', bhoys,
the dawn of Oirish liberty,
As our opprissors foightin', bhoys,
laid one another dead.

Bedad! but we'd arrange, me bhoys,
to meet in ivery barony,
And 'twould be mighty strangle, me bhoys,
if we could not conthrive
By throwing stones a thrife, bhoys,
to set the sopers sparrin', eh?
With the Martini rifle, bhoys,
till none were left alive.

The British baynut? yes, me bhoys,
we like to see ut glitterin',
But like it rather less, me bhoys,
whin howlding frinds apart.
Then if we saw the wepon, bhoys,
go iligantly slitherin'
And dixerously leppin', bhoys,
from British hand to heart.

You'll tell me 'tis a dhrame, me bheys;
may be it is, but any way,
Twere plazin', all the same, me bhoys,
to me poettue oy
For England's armed resoources to
destroy themselves Kilkenny-way
From the ginaler of the foories to
the smallest drummer-boy.

I can see them dwindle doun, me bhoys,
by rigiments here, battalions there,
In ivery Oirish town, me bhoys,
where we can sthart a fray.
Wheriver we assemble, bhoys,
they'll lave their red rappallions there;
Twill make our toyrrants thrimble, bhoys,
to see them milt away.

I see—I see them milt, me bhoys,
till Oireland's freed and fortified ;
Wid all the sogers kilt, me bhoys,
that served the British Queen.
And the others by instructions, bhoys,
retoiring, bate and mortified,
And then—hurroo for ructions, bhoys,
and wigs upon the Green !

REVIEWS.

CAPTAIN EASTWICK.*

CAPTAIN EASTWICK'S Life comes much better guaranteed than the *Log of a Jack Tar*, which appeared earlier in this "Adventure Series." The Captain belonged to known people, for one thing, and then his grandson and editor, Mr. H. Compton, has collected from newspapers, both English and Indian, many contemporary notices of the old seaman. We may, therefore, accept this Life without any of the reserve which it was prudent to exercise in the case of James Joyce. Mr. Compton's account of it is that it was dictated by Captain Eastwick after he became blind, was then stowed away with business letters in an old box, and forgotten till he himself discovered it by accident. He has done well to print it. We cannot say that Captain Eastwick had more than the average Englishman's very moderate faculty for the writing of memoirs. Then, too, like the very great majority of men who have led adventurous lives, and in particular of sailors, he has a provoking way of passing over, or dismissing briefly as mere matters of course, many of those details of the adventurous life which one would so much like to have for the colour and precision they give. To him these things were every-day matters, and he could not put himself in the position of the landsman, to whom they were unknown and required explaining. We shall never have a satisfactory autobiography of a seaman till one has been carefully coached by a literary gentleman ; and then, alas ! it is only too probable that he will be spoilt. Still, in spite of the deficiencies which were inevitable, Captain Eastwick's life is reasonable good reading. He saw much. His first adventure was to have his leg broken by the No Popery mob in the famous riots ; or rather the actual first was to come upon an old acquaintance near Edmonton hanging for highway robbery. He went to sea as an apprentice in the whaling trade, where he learnt that there is no justice or injustice at sea, but only duty and mutiny ; had a brief experience of a man-of-war as a pressed man ; sailed much in the East Indies, both for the Company and private employers ; carried Colonel Wellesley "or Wesley" as passenger, and noted both his abstemious habits and his fondness for the company of pretty women ; he was a prisoner on board the *Forte* when she was captured by the *Sybille* in the famous night action ; he made and lost several fortunes in those days of war freights and French privateers, was in several shipwrecks, saw the mutiny of the Irish political convicts at Sydney, and finally retired at the age of fifty-three, with a modest competence, and died at the age of ninety-four, having been blind for nearly forty years.

It would be strange if there were not good adventures to be picked out of a long life at sea in such stirring times. Some of Captain Eastwick's were very good. One of the best was his capture by the *Forte* and his subsequent release by the *Sybille*, but it is too long to quote, and to condense it would be to spoil it. Captain Eastwick, by the way, was wrong in thinking that the Captain Cooke, or Cook, who commanded the *Sybille*, was the son of the navigator Cook. All his children were dead when the famous frigate action was fought in 1799. The Captain, too, we note, speaks of the *Sybille* as a 44-gun frigate, and the Frenchman as a 50-gunner, but the difference against us was not quite so great as that, thanks to our artful practice of carrying always more pieces of ordnance than were counted in the nominal armament. Still, it was a glorious victory against a stronger enemy, and, next to the capture of the *Chesapeake*, was the most welcome of the war. The squadron of three frigates to which the *Forte* belonged did us an infinity of damage in the East Indies before we had captured or driven them ashore. At one time they made trade so difficult that the insurances demanded at Calcutta were known to exceed the total value of ship and cargo. Still, the times were glorious for a merchant skipper who had luck, pluck, and a little available capital or, what seems to have been quite easy to get, credit. Ships were to be got very cheap, and a lucky voyage or two made his fortune. Captain Eastwick had luck and pluck, credit or capital, and he made two or three fortunes, only to lose them again by capture or shipwreck. Once he escaped by smart management from capture by the Dutch, on which occasion Mrs. Eastwick steered for him. On another occasion he was thanked by the Company for bringing his ship off from a couple of French frigates by intrepid seamanship in a squall. The Mrs. Eastwick who steered him out of the clutches of the Dutch was the second of his

three wives, and is commended by her husband not only for her beauty and courage, but because she was the only woman he ever knew who could refrain from asking questions in a moment of danger. Not the least strange of Captain Eastwick's adventures was to experience generosity from Napoleon. He was wrecked after a long struggle with persistent storms near Dunkirk, and the Emperor gave all the survivors of his ship their freedom—an act which was properly acknowledged on our part by the release of an equal number of Dunkirkers, prisoners in England. One of the passages of the old war in which the Captain had a share was by no means so glorious to us as the capture of the *Forte*. The fortune which he had accumulated in India had been partially trusted to a Parsee gentleman of the stamp of Thackeray's Rummun Lal, who became bankrupt. Captain Eastwick, who had settled down in the West of England, had to take to the sea again. This time he went out partly to trade, partly on transport work with that amazing expedition of ours to the River Plate which ended in a surrender even more dramatic and disgraceful than Dupont's at Baylen. There are, as might be expected, several little touches which have a general historical interest in this book. One of these is the sketch of one Hodges, a smuggler from whom he received much generous help when he was shipwrecked near Dunkirk. Hodges, though on the face of it engaged in breaking the laws of both France and England, went openly to and fro between them all through the war, and was apparently in direct communication with the Admiralty. He was, in fact, one of the managers of that underhand commerce which went on between the countries with the connivance of the Governments, and in spite of war, the Berlin decrees, and the Orders in Council. It was a curious side of the war, and would, we should imagine, repay any man with the leisure and the taste for such work who cared to hunt it up. It is pleasant to know that, in spite of shipwreck, capture, and Rummun Lals, Captain Eastwick accumulated fortune enough to live at ease in his old age, and to send his boys, who both did well in the Company's service, to Winchester and to Charterhouse.

NOVELS.*

IT is a matter of course that the work of a writer who produces so much as Mr. W. E. Norris should vary considerably in quality. If his novels were all equally good, they would be all equally bad. Still it may be said without, or with very little, exaggeration, that the variation is in degree, not in kind. One star differeth from another star in glory, but glory is there. Some of Mr. Norris's stories are more amusing than others, but there is not one from which amusement and entertainment may not be got. This prelude will haply lead the reader of it to suppose that the particular work of Mr. Norris's under consideration, which is *Mr. Chaine's Sons*, is not so good as most of its predecessors. He who thinks so will be wrong. During the process of reading objections start up to the effect that the people are not people but chess-men ; that the author is too visibly putting them on squares and pushing them about ; that one pretty young lady is hard and horsey and a little vulgar, and another stiff and cold as a poker in summer-time ; that there is a little dragging of the plot in one place, and hurrying of it in another, and the upshot of it is that the third volume is shut upon the conviction that the history of *Mr. Chaine's Sons* is distinctly clever and interesting, and that Mr. Norris's way of telling it is irresistibly amusing. In fact, in that phrase lies the explanation of it all. It is Mr. Norris's "way." The cynicism that is at bottom so kind, the libellous remarks on woman-kind which leave no sting, the pessimism which hopes for the best, make his point of survey of life most entertaining. There is an element of self-complacence in being made to laugh at fellow-creatures so good-naturedly. In this particular story, however, there is more than laughter. Perhaps the most solidly drawn and convincing character is that of Mr. Chaine, the father of the three "sons" whose fortunes make the book. The gradual softening and spiritualizing influence of old age, which Sir James Crichton Browne told the students the other day is so frequently to be observed in the faces of the old, makes the last words and actions of the stern, rugged, obdurate old squire pathetic. John Chaine, too, the martyr to his younger brother's iniquity, is very strongly and consistently conceived. His change from ill-tempered jealousy to patient submission is a radical one, which seldom happens in life, but is in his case sufficiently accounted for.

Miss Elizabeth Phelps's volume of stories *Fourteen to One* shows, not for the first time, a power of depicting emotion which is

* *Mr. Chaine's Sons*. By W. E. Norris. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1891.

Fourteen to One. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. 1891.

Godiva Durleigh. A Novel for Girls. By Sarah Doudney. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

Tim. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

Amethyst: the Story of a Beauty. By Christabel R. Coleridge. 2 vols. London: Innes & Co. 1891.

With My Friends. By Brander Matthews. With an Introductory Essay on "The Art and Mystery of Collaboration." London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

* Adventure Series—A Master Mariner; being the Life of Captain Robert William Eastwick. Edited by H. Compton. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

remarkable. It is domestic emotion, and Miss Phelps has it at such command that no situation or subject is too homely, too small, too poverty-stricken, too humble for it. Of course towards the close of the book the fourteen stories (the title has a double meaning) touching the same string become monotonous, but that is inevitable. Miss Phelps has a style more free than some of her sister storytellers in America.

Miss Sarah Doudney adds, on the title-page of her novel *Godiva Durleigh*, "a novel for girls." And a very good novel for very good girls it is. It is not a novel that would interest Hedda Gabler. But in spite of the authority who takes Hedda Gabler down to dinner every evening, and in spite, too, of the pretty girls themselves, who look at you with eyes of innocence and say, "Yes, I think there's a good deal of Hedda Gabler in me," we imagine there are more good girls about than Hedda Gablers. Hedda Gabler is a type, and the good girls are a tribe. In Mr. Norris's story, noticed above, Violet Stanton declares to all the world her intention of disposing of herself to the richest man who wishes to marry her; yet when the old baronet, with wealth represented by "eighteen loose boxes" in his stables, comes, he is rejected, and the penniless young subaltern taken in his stead. The girls in Miss Doudney's novel are not all good to begin with, but all but one succumb eventually to the spell of Godiva's goodness. Belle Espinasse, sad to say, unlike Violet Stanton, married the rich old baronet, and dreadful whispers fly about, after she is Lady Dunn, that she flirts. She even tries to flirt with Rex Longworthy, who is the legitimate property of Godiva; but, although Rex had admired her as Belle Espinasse, he would not hear of her as Lady Dunn. Rex is very nearly as good a girl as Godiva, so they marry, and live happily ever after.

Tim is a story of a boy, but not a story for boys. It is not a story for boys, take it as one may. A healthy-minded boyish boy wouldn't care for it, and a sensitive, morbid boy would be the worse for it. It is prettily written, in a delicate feminine style, with which only the fault can be found that the author has been unable to resist Thackeray's use of the word "fine," which seems so admirable in him and so poor in his imitators. Strangely enough, the dedication speaks of the book having been written for "entertainment." How the story of a delicate, neglected, sensitive child's short life and early death, his passionate affections thwarted, and his little clinging tendrils of tenderness rudely shaken off, could "entertain" any one it is not easy to imagine. Many as the words of praise bestowed on *Misunderstood* have been, we doubt if entertaining has been among them. The better such a story is told, the less applicable is the word. *Tim's* history is, however, not so poignant as all that, chiefly because the historical lapses into sentimentality.

Miss Christabel Coleridge's *Amethyst: the Story of a Beauty* is distinctly a clever novel. It is the story of a girl gifted with beauty to the point at which it becomes all but fatal, placed in the worst set of false fashionable frivolity, and with inherited tendencies which make the downward path an easy and even enticing one. Amethyst has, however, been taken very young out of her fascinating and unprincipled mother's influence, and has been brought up by an aunt, Miss Haredale, who has had her well educated, and at the moment of Amethyst's first appearance she has just passed her examination at Cambridge, with some little distinction. The aunt is one of the women so common in the world, who see what is right and have the courage to do it in their own case, but shrink before sacrificing another. Means have failed, she sees how lovely the girl is going to be, she knows the hollowness of social success founded on the barter of wealth for beauty, yet she cannot bring herself to let Amethyst work for her living as a teacher. So the girl is taken back into her father Lord Haredale's fast set, and given over to be "settled" by the beautiful, brilliant Lady Haredale, who has not a principle in her possession. The Haredale household, with the three younger sisters, who have studied the seamy side of life while Amethyst has been working at her books, is very well and amusingly drawn. Part of it is painful. The innocent Amethyst falls almost immediately into the grief such people as the Haredales never fail to make for themselves, and in a couple of years has been battered into something very like a professional beauty. The descent, and the struggle out of it, is interesting because it is true to the truth of life. Amethyst is a woman, not a saint; consequently she has the woman's temptations. In a novel, of course, it is easy to guide a heroine into safe quarters at the end. The book is full of clever, quick, incisive character-sketching.

Mr. Brander Matthews's happily-named volume reminds us of one of Mr. Punch's prize puzzles. It is made up of an entertaining and wholly admirable essay on "The Art and Mystery of Collaboration," followed by six stories written in collaboration—with Mr. H. C. Bunner (2), Mr. Walter Pollock (2), Mr. George H. Jessop (1), and Mr. F. Anstey (1). The puzzle, which is insoluble so far as we are concerned, is to detect the hand of Mr. Brander Matthews in those passages which possess all the characteristic qualities of the unassisted work of these writers, each of whom shows a marked individuality, whether in subject, treatment, or style. In the course of his essay on collaboration Mr. Brander Matthews says:—

I have written a play in which I prepared the dialogue of one act and my associate prepared the next; I have written a play in which I wrote the scenes in which certain characters appeared, and my ally wrote those in which certain other characters appeared; I have written a short story in two chapters of which one was in my autograph and the other in my partner's.

Any of these methods would seem satisfactory enough in the case of a play; but a story is a very different matter, and Mr. Brander Matthews's power of adaptability and self-effacement are only less admirable than his amiability. All the stories in this volume satisfy his own requirement for a good joint work. Each one, to use his own simile, resembles a chemical compound, and not a mechanical mixture. A story, called "The Documents in the Case," written with Mr. Bunner, and one called "Edged Tools," written with Mr. Walter Pollock, seem to us to be on the whole the most successful in the volume. They have absolutely nothing in common, except that dramatic quality which is always present in Mr. Brander Matthews's work, and, therefore, they exhibit very well his versatility. The first, as its name implies, is told by means of letters, IOU's, pawn-tickets, and suchlike documents, and deals with certain very common incidents in the social intercourse between this country and America in a pleasant satiric vein, the parodied extracts from the press of both countries being particularly well done. The second is the story of an unfortunate professor of magic, one M. Blitzini, who is caught up, or "rapt," so to speak, by his own spirits. It is told with a fine humour, and the atmospheric *vraisemblance* is not less complete than imperceptible. "Dear Jones and Baby Van Rensselaer," also written with Mr. Bunner, is a charming fragment, but rather provokingly short. An English reader has not time to get reconciled to "Dear" Jones and "Baby." The story written with Mr. Jessop is very amusing, after the manner of farce; but one chapter of it is written in a dialect which is presumably some form of Erse. A whole chapter of brogue is really wearisome to the eyes of the brutal Saxon. With the genius of Mr. Anstey that of Mr. Brander Matthews seems to combine less readily than in the case of the other collaborators. "The Three Wishes," though amusing enough, is the least satisfactory of the stories we have to consider. For the effect of his unrivalled humour Mr. Anstey seems to us to rely chiefly on his wonderful power of characterization. We remember Mr. Bultitude, Dick, Dr. Grimstone, and his whole gallery of portraits, for themselves, rather than the situations in which they may be placed, however humorous these may be. Mr. Brander Matthews, on the other hand, as we have already suggested, works on the dramatic method; to him situation, action, form, are of the first importance; the characters are types, effectively selected and cleverly sketched; but he makes little attempt to galvanize them into life. One can easily imagine such collaboration producing a dramatic masterpiece; but, from whatever the cause, their joint story is less satisfactory than any specimen of the single work of either. "The Three Wishes" reads like a very early effort of the author of *Vice Versa*. In his instructive and suggestive essay Mr. Brander Matthews augurs much for the future of the drama from the growing tendency on the part of English and American authors to collaborate in the writing of plays. We should be glad to take anything they have to give us in the way of drama, if they will only take our spelling in exchange.

MAHDIISM AND THE EGYPTIAN SUDAN.*

THESE are few persons who have ever had anything to do with the writing of passages of military history who will not, after reading Major Wingate's book, regretfully ejaculate, "Ah! if I had only had a book like this for such and such a campaign!" Not that it is faultless. Major Wingate writes an odd kind of style, his adoption of a plan—something like the winter-and-summer plan of Thucydides—by which he shifts the scene periodically from province to province and catches up his former statements, is a little tiresome for continuous, and troublesome for eclectic, reading; and, lastly, we cannot away with the form "Mahdiism." Mahdiism, the ordinary newspaper form, if not correct, is roughly and readily sufficient; "Mahdicism" might be stickled for by a purist in Greek. Mahdiism is ugly, unnecessary, and bad. But these are very small matters. Major Wingate has not attempted—he has even modestly disclaimed—the composition of a literary history of the strange, and in part most thrilling, events he describes. He has simply set down the facts which he has ascertained from his position in connexion with the Egyptian Intelligence Department, with the advantage of his military knowledge to arrange and order them; and he has done this in a quite invaluable manner, midway in fulness between the almost intolerable prolixity of the ordinary staff history, and the necessary compression of the ordinary general chronicle. The outlines, and even the major details to some extent, will not be new to those who have diligently followed up the events of the last ten years in newspapers and Blue-books. But much will be new even to them, and they will be glad to refresh their piecemeal memory by this orderly conspectus. As for the ordinary reader, the book is a godsend, especially just before a general election.

For no more wonderful contrast was ever presented between the almost constantly effective work of English civil and military administrators, and the frightful blundering of English Governments—at least, of that English Government which was in power from 1880 to 1885, and seeks to be so again in the persons of

* *Mahdiism and the Egyptian Sudan*. By Major F. R. Wingate, D.S.O., R.A., Assistant Adjutant-General for Intelligence, Egyptian Army. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

its most malfeasant members. Let it not be supposed for a moment that Major Wingate is a political partisan. No man could possibly observe with more exactness, in the spirit as well as in the letter, the salutary rule that officers on active service should abstain from politics. He even goes a little out of his way now and then to say a good word for his highest official superiors. But, as always happens in an honestly-written history, the facts speak trumpet-tongued for themselves. The strange shortsightedness which allowed Hicks Pasha's expedition, un-strengthened by English troops and composed for the most part of Arab malcontents, to go blundering into the wilderness; the precipitate cowardice which ordained the evacuation of the Soudan, undertaking at the same time, with a rashness only surpassed by the cowardice, the withdrawal (Heaven only knows how and by whom) of from thirty to forty thousand men, with an enormous fringe of camp-followers and families, scattered over a hostile district with difficulty accessible and of vast extent; the worse than cowardice which delayed the rescue of Sinkat and Tokar till too late; the sheer doitement, or sheer devilry, which sent Gordon out with *carte blanche* to do a certain thing and then refused every measure which Gordon proposed; the costly vacillation which kept sending (usually too late to be of use) costly expeditions to one side or the other of the inflamed districts, and invariably withdrew them at the exact moment when they could have reaped some fruits of their pains and their losses—all these ghastly things are exposed with ten times more force, at least to an intelligent spectator, than the fiercest of partisan rhetoricians could bring to bear. We do not mean to say that even the present Government comes out quite blameless; but there is the immense difference in their case that they had to deal with a situation created by their predecessors. After the waiting and retreating game had gone so far, it was at least a plausible—we do not say a sound—argument that it must be allowed to go on longer.

Much of the book must needs be hideously painful reading for any Englishman, who is not a cur or a fool; but there are bright spots, or rather bright patches and tracts, to be found in it. Such, it need hardly be said, is the conduct of Gordon, betrayed, befooled, and deserted as he was, and attempting, it may be, the impossible. Such was the end of the only less fatal Hicks expedition. The accounts of this melancholy business are still so meagre and fragmentary that it is still doubtful what excuses there were for Hicks's generalship. He was hampered by bad and half-hearted troops, by ignorant, if not treacherous, guides, by the presence of a number of civilians, who interfered to a practically mutinous extent. The chief of them, Genawi Bey, half redeemed himself by a hero's death; but we greatly fear that even Marlborough—we think that Wellington, and we are sure that Napoleon—would have shot him some time before. Worst of all, he had with him the Governor-General, Ala-ed-Din Pasha, who was, as references of Osman Digna and others long afterwards show, the most unpopular even of Egyptian officials, and not the least incompetent. Starved, misled, enormously outnumbered, and finally taken by surprise, Hicks's army had scarcely a chance; but the end of Hicks himself was the next best thing to dying victorious, and Ala-ed-Din, and even Genawi, the merchant, were not divided from him in their deaths:—

Hicks Pasha with his staff, seeing that he could do nothing, cut his way through on the left and reached some cultivated ground. Here he was surrounded by some Baggara horsemen, and for a time kept them at bay, fighting most gallantly till his revolver was empty, and then committing terrible execution with his sword. He was the last of the Europeans to fall, and one savage charge he made on his assailants is memorable to this day in the Sudan, and a body of Baggara, who fled before him, were called by their tribesmen "Baggar Hicks," or the cows driven by Hicks. But at last he fell, pierced by the spear of the Khaifa Mohammed Sherif. His cavalry bodyguard fought gallantly, and though repeatedly called on to surrender replied, "We shall never surrender, but will die like our officers and kill many of you as well." And soon all were killed.

Ala-ed-Din Pasha was killed trying to make his way from the right square to join Hicks Pasha.

Genawi Bey lay dead in the square beside his horse. It is said that as he fell mortally wounded he with his own sword hamstrung his horse, saying, "No other shall ever ride on you after me."

For another extract, and a less melancholy one, let us give a delightful bulletin of Osman Digna respecting one of his defeats:—

Three days after the fall of Tokar, the whole sea coast became full of steamers, and it was rumoured that the Egyptian Government, knowing its inability to defend the country, entrusted its affairs to the English Government. The steamers were filled with English soldiers, who were coming to reoccupy Tokar. On learning of this I sent my brother's son Midani—a strong and brave man—to assist the ansar of Tokar against them.

The English soldiers, I was told, numbered 24,000 men. The ansar waited until they had all landed; they did not attack them while they were landing, fearing that some should escape and return in the steamers; but at length, when all had landed, the ansar fell upon them, and a hot fight ensued, which lasted till nightfall, when both forces retreated. The soldiers advanced to the mamurieh. The losses of the ansar were heavy in this battle. When I heard this I sent my entire force, except a very few men, to fight against the soldiers at the mamurieh, and I sent the two best men I have with me as leaders; these were Hamed, the son of my brother Ahmed Digna, and Idris. I gave orders to these two emirs to attack the English whenever they came either by day or night, and no matter at what hour; but the English did not stay there long. God struck fear into their hearts, and they went back the next morning,

staying only one night at the mamurieh, and then they started back in their steamers.

This, English readers will be glad to hear, was the battle of El Teb, in which Sir Gerald Graham so signalized revenged Baker's defeat. It is difficult to say whether it is more remarkable for the ingenuity with which the actual defeat is concealed or for the light it throws on that singular policy of striking and retiring which has been too often pursued by us in the East.

Among the vast number of subjects treated in the book—a number so vast that it is almost impossible to review it in the ordinary way—the most interesting may be said to be, first, the history of the rise of the Mahdi movement, and its contrast with the attitude and actions of the Senoussiyeh; and, secondly, the still more minute and careful account of the transformation of the Egyptian army from a cowardly and disaffected rabble into the courageous and solid troops who, with hardly any direct assistance from any Englishmen other than their officers, took the *revanche* of Shekan (Hicks's defeat) and Khartoum on Wad-el-Nejumi at Toski, two years ago. If anybody will read the former narrative, he will not, we think, be long in doubt as to the unadvisableness—as to the shameless indecency—of scuttling from Egypt till we have entirely freed her from all danger to the southward. If any one will read the latter, he will see what the problem of the Soudan is, how all important it is that some Power more stable than Egypt's own should be at hand to deal with that problem when it presents a favourable opportunity, and how desirable it is, and must be, that the British East Africa and the Royal Niger Companies shall be assisted, if necessary, to make good their positions to the south-eastward and south-westward of the disturbed districts.

Those who have followed the matter throughout will remember that eight or nine years ago when the troubles first broke out they were represented rather as an outbreak of the powerful tribe of Baggara than as a religious movement. By degrees the remarkable personality of the Mahdi, who was a "prophet" in more ways than one in life and in death, obscured this. But Major Wingate, whose opinion is of the first importance, regards the clan position of the Baggara as still at the bottom of the movement. These Baggara have played the part of the Campbells in the Covenanting wars and much more, and no Montrose has yet risen to baffle them. They are a tribe, or rather a collection of tribes, of cattle-breeding Arabs, inhabiting for the most part a great fertile wedge of country west of the White Nile, south of Khartoum, and between the watery stretches of the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the iron-bearing hills of Darfur. Not by any means all the chief leaders are Baggara—there were Danagla (Dongolese) like the Mahdi himself, Jaalin, like the great fighting Emir Wad-el-Nejumi, and others. But the present Khalifa Abdullah et Taashi, who was all along the life and soul of the movement, is a Baggara, and these "Red Indians of the Sudan," as Major Wingate calls them, have always supplied the great fighting force. They were, and still more are, very unpopular with the other tribes; but they were not so unpopular to begin with as the Egyptians, and (which was the last great advantage the Mahdi and his Khalifa have had) they were infinitely less disliked at first by each petty tribe than each petty tribe by its neighbours. This latter peculiarity was at the bottom, apparently, of our own difficulties with the "friendlies" near Souakin. They were sometimes glad of our aid against tribes which had thrown in their lot with the Mahdist; but we never knew (it is true this was partly owing to our own vacillating and timid course) when they would prefer the aid of the Mahdist to wreak some intertribal vengeance of their own.

Major Wingate evidently anticipates a time when the tribes will be so sick of Baggara domination, and the influence of religious excitement will have waned so far, that they will make, if not an unanimous, at any rate a combined, attempt to rid themselves of the former. And he seems to approve the maintenance by the Egyptian Government of a policy of saying "Make an effort to rid yourselves of your tyrants, and then we will think of establishing a regular government to save you from any such thing in future." This is a large question, and we need not enter upon it here. But we shall observe that the presence of any other European Power, either on Lake Tchad (contingents have already taken part in the Mahdist wars, not merely from Wadai, but even from Bornou) or in Equatoria, would affect the final result most seriously for Egypt, and that without a strong, intelligent, and honest government in Egypt, there is little hope for the restoration of order in the Soudan. We may add that the book, though soberly written, is full of hints for poets and romanciers writers. The story of Sheikh Abu Gemaizeh who, not more than two or three years ago, made head in Darfur against the whole power of the Khalifa for a time, and who was supposed to have a magic tent, from which the Jinns and Fairies issued supernatural rations for his arms, is sheer *Arabian Nights* in embryo. And there is nothing in biblical or medieval warfare more striking than the battle of Galabat, where the death (by a shot at a venture) of the Negus John sent the huge and victorious Abyssinian army scuttling every man to his tent, and saved the Mahdi's lieutenants, if not himself, from destruction.

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY.*

DR. MURRAY'S English has now become, for a season, mostly Latin; that is to say, he is in the thick of the Latin and Romance words beginning with *com-* and *con-*. Many of these words have intricate histories, which are the more difficult to unravel because English usage of the foreign word has been more or less vague from the first, wanting in firmness of grip, as Dr. Murray happily puts it in his Prefatory Note. Moreover this Part has come to the biggest word of the Dictionary as yet, the word *come* itself, which fills twenty-three columns or nearly eight pages. The many uses of *come* in various idiomatic phrases and compounds are discriminated with infinite patience, and the reader is even provided with a little special index at the end of the article. The slips we have noted are very few. Slips no doubt there must be, for there is no language and no science, we believe, in which competent persons have not made enormous mistakes. Did not a certain editor of Virgil, not so many years ago, tell British youth that the famous *Quos ego* might be completed in sense by some such word as—*punibo*? By the way, Dr. Murray writes Virgil in English; which we are sorry to see. *Vergilius* in Latin, certainly, when we are trying to write Augustan Latin. But there is no more ground for altering the long-accustomed Virgil of English books than for depriving Lyons and Marseilles of their final *s*, or restoring “*condicione*” in English because “*condicio*” not “*conditio*” is the classical spelling.

Under this last-mentioned word the special technical meaning of *condition* with reference to a bond is not accounted for, though the more general legal meaning (as in “estate upon condition”) is duly given. Consequently Shylock's phrase “Such sum or sums as are exprest in the condition” is misunderstood and referred to a wrong head. This is the more strange because the corresponding use of the verb “to condition” is illustrated by quotations that might easily have given the right clue. Then the modern use of “in condition,” “out of condition,” as regards man or beast, receives no distinct notice, though it gets a sort of implied authority from quotations going two centuries back. On the whole we do not find the treatment of this word quite equal to what Dr. Murray has taught us to expect from him.

But indeed we could forgive more and greater slips than we have found or expect to find in any part of the Dictionary for the sake of Dr. Murray's delightful exposition of the fabulous natural history of the Cockatrice. The word appears to represent a mediæval Romance translation (which in Latin would be *calcartrix*) of *ichneumon*. The ichneumon was supposed to walk down the crocodile's throat and eat his way through him afterwards; but the “cocatris” was soon conceived as a water-serpent, and then, by confusion with “cocodrille,” a common early form of “crocodile,” was taken for the crocodile himself (“Chocatrix, qui est apelez par son droit non cocodrilles,” says a thirteenth-century Bestiary). Then it went on to get mixed up with the basilisk, Fr. *basilic*; and in the fourteenth century the cockatrice appears full blown as a monster habited by a “venimous worme” sitting on the egg of a “forlyued cok.” Moving back a little, we find the rather complex developments of *club* (in the social sense) traced with great clearness. *College* (a word which very few people really understand) is another example of the same kind of analysis well bestowed on a larger object. The most critical of Etonians will be satisfied with the explanations of *collegere* and *conduct*. We believe that the Latin original or equivalent of the latter term (=chaplain) is not *conductus* but *conductitius*; this however is almost too minute a point to be worth mention. Technical terms are abundant, as may well be expected, after we have entered the region of *co-* and *com-*. Even legal antiquaries may find some novelty in learning how modern is the word *compurgation*; it did not come into English use till the thing denoted by it was already antiquated, about the middle of the sixteenth century, and then it was borrowed from the canonists. It may seem odd that one of the most important parts of early mediæval procedure could not be described by any single term in the days when it was in active use; but so it is. Under the verb *consider* we miss the phrase “It is considered,” with which the judgments of the Superior Courts of Common Law were recorded until 1875. It is true that it was merely the transcription of the older Latin formula, and never came into literary or even general forensic use; no reporter, for example, ever wrote in a head-note “considered” for “held.” Nevertheless it was written thousands of times on the rolls of the Courts, and printed hundreds of times in books on pleading and practice, not to mention Blackstone's appendix. A rather common legal-historical fiction about the Norman Conquest, namely that William was called *Conqueror* only or chiefly in the sense of *purchaser*, is well exposed under that word. The popular sense is much the older, and the other, if and when applied to the Conqueror or the Conquest at all, is no more than a sort of clerical pun. It is curious that in and after the thirteenth century the Anglo-Norman *purchaser* drove *conquestus* out of English legal terminology, while *conquest* became, as it still is, the regular word in Scotland. It will be a surprise to many people to see that *condog* is a real word as old as the sixteenth century, and that its supposed origin as a punning variant of *concur* rests on no external evidence whatever, and is only faintly suggested by the

sixteenth–seventeenth century examples. We might dispute a point of Latinity on *cognomen*. It may be that some classical Latin poets used the words loosely to mean “name, appellation” in general, but we do not believe that Virgil ever uses it without a distinct reason. As for Hawthorne calling a Christian name *cognomen*, it merely shows that he had forgotten not only his Latin but his Italian for the moment. In modern Italian the difference between *nome* and *cognome* is as sharp as it ever was in Latin. However, Dr. Murray's statement represents the best current information, and may even be read in an acceptable sense by emphasizing the word “given” in his phrase “a name given to a country, river, &c.” And now we leave the reader to put in his own thumb (we do not mean as a paper-cutter). He will find good store of plums that we have not picked out.

FITZGERALD'S BOSWELL.*

THAT the author of the most famous biography in the English language should not himself have hitherto attracted the serious attention of the biographer is perhaps due to the fact that, in his masterpiece, he has conveyed so vivid an impression of his own personality that the edge of curiosity was blunted at the outset. Yet he has not been entirely neglected. Not to mention the essays of Macaulay and Carlyle, Mr. Elwin consecrated to him long ago, in the *Quarterly Review*, one of those scholarly and critical papers of which, we fear, the republication is now past hoping for; and, in 1857, Mr. Francis, the editor of those letters to Temple so curiously recovered in the shop of “Madame Noel, at Boulogne,” contributed, in his introduction and connecting comments, a considerable amount of fresh information to the literature of the subject. In 1874 Boswell's *Commonplace Book*, a record which seems to suggest that at some time he had himself contemplated an autobiography, was printed for the Grampian Club, with a preface by the late Lord Houghton, the owner of the manuscript, and an excellent Memoir by Dr. Charles Rogers. Four years later, Dr. Birkbeck Hill reprinted, under the title of *Dr. Johnson, his Friends and his Critics*, a series of articles which he had written on this theme; and in the succeeding year he re-issued *Boswell's Correspondence with Andrew Erskine* and his *Journal of a Tour to Corsica*. These were followed in 1880 by Mr. Fitzgerald's *Croker's Boswell and Boswell*, one of his best books, and, of necessity, largely occupied by discussion of Johnson's biographer. Seeing that Dr. Rogers's memoir absorbs some two hundred pages, or more than half, of the Grampian Club volume, it might perhaps be supposed that by this time sufficient justice has been done to “The Boswell,” as he would have liked to be described. Mr. Fitzgerald, however, has thought otherwise, and regarding what has already been produced as a mere kit-cat, he has essayed, in the present volumes, to paint the portrait of “Folly at full length.”

It is easier, indeed, to make a hero-worshipper than a hero of the Laird of Auchinleck. Apart from his extraordinary success in portraying the most prominent of his contemporaries, there is little about him that, to the quiet reader of this day, uninfluenced by the admitted fascination which his animal spirits and unfailing good-humour seem to have exercised, does not appear to be either trivial or contemptible. His love-affairs, when not discreditable, are ridiculous; his want of tact, of taste, of feeling, is inconceivable; his vanity, his fatuity, his frivolity, his mutability, are unparalleled; and even in his undoubtedly genuine adoration of his “illustrious friend” there is an odd smack of self-glorification which detracts from its air of sincerity. Of all these things, Mr. Fitzgerald has diligently collected the evidences, and he has arranged them with the skill of a practised bookmaker. He has printed for the first time some letters from Boswell to Wilkes (as an instance of Boswellian bad taste may be noted how Boswell speaks to the friend of Churchill and Lloyd of those recently deceased personages); he has told anew, and with fresh accessory, the stories of the *Tour in Corsica*, and the *Journey to the Hebrides*; and he has generally interwoven the scattered facts of Boswell's biography into a not unpleasing patch-work of anecdote. The levies from the *Life of Johnson* are of course considerable, but, upon the whole, not nearly as much as might have been expected, and the first volume closes with Johnson's death.

Mr. Fitzgerald's most interesting chapters in his second volume are those which deal with the preparation and publication of the *Life of Johnson*, with Boswell's *modus operandi*, his controversies, and his odd revelations of his own character in the pages of his work. Some of this naturally recalls what the author has already treated in his earlier books, but the chapter devoted to “Boswell Self-Revealed,” though scarcely so new as Mr. Fitzgerald seems to suppose, has undoubtedly what he claims for its theme, the merit of piquancy. It does not by any means prove that Boswell was mad, as Mr. Croker anticipated—he made, if we mistake not, a similar suggestion in regard to Horace Walpole—but it proves pretty plainly that Boswell was in the habit of treating the biography of the big man as a kind of private confessional and *locus paenitentiae* for his own backslidings and frailties. It is impossible to account for his frequent “hecklings” of Johnson on such topics as conjugal infidelity and excess in wine, without some such suspicion.

* *A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, &c.* Edited by James A. H. Murray. Part VI. Clarendon Press. 1891.

* *Life of James Boswell (of Auchinleck).* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

A HISTORY OF TITHES.*

IT is impossible to read this book without being struck by the ill-humour that it displays. If we pass by in silence many of the Rev. H. W. Clarke's ill-mannered expressions it is not because we have failed to observe them, or are unprovided with answers to them, but because they are directed against persons who stand so high above the level of his sneers that it would be absurd, if not impertinent, in us to speak as though they needed defence. He has the same overweening opinion of the value of his own judgment that he had when he wrote his earlier book, also entitled a *History of Tithes*; and he speaks disrespectfully of Lord Selborne and other eminent scholars. The tone of his present volume may be gathered from a short passage in his introduction. After describing tithes as "an odious and unscriptural tax," he says:—"Some foolish writers assert that the payment of tithes is not a tax. It is unquestionably a tax." We are glad to hear that some foolish persons are beginning to assert a truth about which no wise one ever had a doubt. We are not, however, aware that any Ecumenical Council has declared the infallibility of Mr. Clarke. Indeed, he acknowledges in his preface that he erred in his former book, and this discovery should have taught him that he might err, as he certainly has grievously erred, in this book. He tells us that he has written this *History* "as a public duty to expose and refute" the "many erroneous and fallacious statements" contained in Lord Selborne's *Defence of the Church of England*, and in his *Ancient Facts and Fictions concerning Churches and Tithes*. Impelled by his desire to fulfil this duty towards his fellow-countrymen, he "took steps to have access to the Library [Reading-room] and to the manuscripts in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum," and his steps having been guided aright along the intricate path which leads to a Reading-ticket, he soon found it "absolutely necessary to re-write the whole" of his earlier book. His researches have enabled him to put together many more historical facts than appeared in his first *History of Tithes*. It is curious to mark how many of them we should have thought, had he not been a man of research, had been taken straight from Lord Selborne's *Facts and Fictions*. The coincidences in the two books are remarkable, both for their number and often for their character. Just to name two out of a crowd. Lord Selborne in his critical account of the *Capitulare Episcoporum* speaks of twenty-one articles in a manuscript "in the library of the monastery of St. Hubert at Andain in the Ardennes." Mr. Clarke, in a confused notice of this document, says "the first twenty-one canons are from the Andain manuscript in the monastery of St. Hubert in the Ardennes." Again, Lord Selborne, writing with reference to the causes of the Legatine mission of 787, says of Pope Adrian—"That he was seriously apprehensive, down to 784 or 785, of intrigues on the part of Offa to depose him from the Papal throne, and to obtain Charlemagne's consent to the substitution of a Frank pope, is clear from a letter that he wrote about that time to Charlemagne," &c. In Mr. Clarke's book this statement appears thus:—"Adrian had reason to fear Offa's power; for there is a letter from Offa to Charlemagne intriguing to depose Adrian and put a Frenchman in the chair of St. Peter." Where is this letter? Why is it not in Jaffé's *Codex Carolinus*? There is a letter, the one to which Lord Selborne refers, in the *Codex*, from Adrian to Charlemagne, thanking the Frankish king for the assurance that he had never heard of this supposed intrigue. Mr. Clarke is very hard on Mr. Fuller's useful little book on tithes, because it contains an obvious misprint "Roman" for "Norman." "Roman Conquest!" he exclaims, "utter nonsense!" This is as unwise as it is uncivil on the part of a writer who, if judged by his work, appears unable to convey—as the wise call it—the goods of another without spoiling them. While most of the facts in Mr. Clarke's book will, though sometimes disguised, be familiar to all who have read Lord Selborne's scholarly works on the same subject, his conclusions and his notions of what constitutes an argument are his own. It is often difficult to comprehend what it is that he is trying to prove. Nor is his treatise rendered more attractive by the recklessness of his assertions and his occasional failures to write English.

The point which Mr. Clarke seems specially anxious to establish is the adoption in England during the Anglo-Saxon period of a rule of tripartite division of tithes. We shall not answer his arguments *seriatim*; Lord Selborne has already shown fully and satisfactorily, in his *Facts and Fancies*, that this was not the custom of the Church. Mr. Clarke allows, as, indeed, he needs must, that when St. Augustine asked Gregory whether the offerings of the faithful were to be divided into portions, the Pope answered that the Roman custom of quadripartite division need not be observed here. His attempt to extenuate the significance of this answer is not compatible with honest criticism. Imagining that the version which Polydore Vergil gave in the sixteenth century of an addendum made by Bromton in the fourteenth to the legend of Offa and St. Ethelbert helps his contention, he presumes to blame Lord Selborne for saying in effect that neither Bromton nor Polydore is any authority on the matter; which must, we should think, be apparent to everybody. All authors, however, including even the pseudo-Ingulf, are equally

valuable in Mr. Clarke's eyes, provided he can find something in, or quoted from, their works which he thinks is on his side. One of his fundamental mistakes arises from his ignorance of the extent to which Roman custom and law with respect to Church matters influenced the minds of the more learned English monks before the Conquest. While the clergy held to their own customs, the monks, and, above all, the party among them that was anxious for reformation, regarded the customs of the Roman and Gallican Churches with admiration and referred to them in their writings. This was specially the case during the latter part of the tenth and the early part of the eleventh centuries, when our Church was brought by the monastic party to some extent into connexion with the Churches of the Continent. A gloss appended to a canon on tithes, such as that recommending a tripartite division which is found in a copy of Dunstan's canons, cannot therefore be taken as declaratory of English custom—indeed, it rather makes the other way. It simply signifies that the copyst knew and admired the custom of dividing tithes anciently, though at the time he wrote by no means universally, observed abroad. Nor should any greater importance be attached to the "Church-grith" document of the reign of Ethelred the Unready. Long and loudly does Mr. Clarke crow over having, as he believes, found Lord Selborne out in an error with respect to the opinions of certain early writers on this document. Lord Selborne observed that it was highly probable that Selden, Spelman, and some other slightly later scholars had seen it, and that as they took no notice of it they may be supposed not to have regarded it "as having the character or authority of a law." Mr. Clarke thinks that he has proved that these authors could not have seen the document. The point is insignificant. What Selden and the rest did or did not think of the document is of little consequence; what concerns us is its real character. Lord Selborne is inclined to believe it a "mere project of law," and gives his reasons. It may be so; but even supposing that it was submitted to and accepted by the Witan in 1014, as we venture to think more probable, what is it worth? It contains a number of pious resolutions, made under ecclesiastical and probably monastic influence, in a time of national danger and dismay. Believing that the sins of the nation were the cause of its disasters, the Witan agreed to the suggestions of their ecclesiastical advisers; they resolved that they would love God and obey the King more faithfully, and that tithes should be divided between the repair of churches, the clergy, and the poor. How it was that English ecclesiastics proposed a resolution contrary to the custom of their Church, we have already indicated. To write, as Mr. Clarke does, as though this resolution had the full force of a law, implies a misconception of the nature of the proceedings. The document in question contains, as Dr. Freeman has well observed, "good advice rather than legislation," and he points out that if it had been a real act of legislation it would have provided for carrying its enactments into force. The article relating to a division of the tithe, a new thing in England, seems to have been designed to take the place of a law of Edgar, which we may fairly assume was generally observed; it was certainly never carried out, and is to be ranked as a pious resolution along with that declaring that men should love God and be faithful to the King. We do not find that the English nobles were more faithful to Ethelred after this meeting of the Witan than they had been before it. Four or five years later Canute, as Lord Selborne points out, published a code in which the article for a division of tithes does not appear—the omission was evidently intentional—while Edgar's law is expressly re-enacted.

We should scarcely do justice to Mr. Clarke's book if we forbore to give some specimens of his reasoning. Because, in the sixteenth century, certain priests declined to qualify themselves as the law directed to hold benefices, and so lost those they held, while others did so qualify themselves, and received benefices on the nomination of private or other patrons, he concludes that the clergy hold their endowments "by a Parliamentary title." Before using phrases, Mr. Clarke should endeavour to ascertain their meaning. Again, he attempts to invalidate the right of the Church to tithes by the erroneous assertion that the clergy originally received them on condition of the performance of certain specified services, which services are now no longer performed; he confuses, that is to say, tenure in frankalmogn with tenure by divine service. And, further, he urges that the original donors would not have made their grants of tithe to a Church which no longer allows the sacrifice of the mass and prayers to the saints. Is he really unable to see that the religious changes of the sixteenth century being national acts, the presumption is that the original grantors of tithe would, if living now, be members of the Church which their piety endowed, and would accept her doctrines? The crowning illustration of his capacity for the fulfilment of the "public duty" which he has undertaken to perform is that he quotes the phrase "in free and perpetual alms," used in deeds of endowment, as a proof that the clergy have no right to "claim the tithes as their own exclusive property," that they are "trustees who have misappropriated the tithes to their own personal use." And this is from a man who presumes, not merely to write on ecclesiastical law, but to sneer at the opinions, criticism, and logic of Lord Selborne! One word of warning we would address to Mr. Clarke on a point more serious even than an author's ignorance of his subject or impertinence towards his betters. When the writer of a controversial book desires to support a theory of his own by quoting a

* *A History of Tithes*. By the Rev. Henry William Clarke, B.A., Trinity College, Dublin, Author of "The Past and Present Revenues of the Church of England in Wales" &c. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 1891.

passage from a work of an author of greater authority, and finds therein a clause which militates against his theory, he has no right to leave out that clause, and quote the passage as though it contained no such words.

BOOKS OF VERSE.*

MR. WALTER CRANE'S new book of verse is a charmingly pretty volume, its value being rather of an artistic than a poetic nature. The designs, which appear at the beginning and end of each poem and on every blank page, are strongly marked with the author's individuality, and bear the stamp of that graceful prettiness which is visible in all his work. He aims at decorative art, and it is no doubt as a decorative artist that we must chiefly regard him. Even his poems seem to be written more from the pictorial than from the poetic point of view. They are pictures in words, and pictures of a somewhat conventional kind. His ideas are to such an extent veiled in allegorical personification that it is often difficult to understand their meaning. "The Invocation" affords examples of this method. "The Soul of Souls" may be intended to represent Freedom, Love, or Art, but the elaborate metaphors crowded into the poem leave but a confused impression of the allegorical meaning supposed to underlie them. In more than one place, moreover, this love of metaphor has led him from the sublime to the ridiculous. What, for instance, is the meaning of the following verse?—

The sun had kissed the earth's dark lips
That grow so ruddy ere he dips,
Wine-coloured to his golden rim,
As purple evening pours for him.

The flaw in Mr. Walter Crane's art, which checks the admiration his work seems at first to deserve, is a certain want of genuineness and spontaneity, which is strongly felt in the affectation of such lines as we have here quoted. It must nevertheless be admitted that he is a true lover of the beautiful; that his work will always charm, though it fails to excite enthusiasm; and that even his verse contains passages which show considerable power of musical versification, and bear the stamp of a literary man. "The House of Dreams" contains many such passages, of which we only quote one:—

Far, far upon that desert land,
Half buried in her grave of sand,
The Ancient Head of Egypt rose;
And, still sublime in death's repose,
Great Memnon kept his awful throne
Outwatching day and night alone.

Rhymes from the Russian contains an interesting selection from the best Russian poets. The translator, Mr. John Pollen, assures us that he has "endeavoured to translate every word and every thought of the Russian writer, and to avoid additions." He has too faithfully adhered to this resolution for his work to satisfy completely the requirements of good English verse; but if we are to judge from the quite distinctive and un-English tone about these poems we may hope he has succeeded in preserving the spirit and character of the originals. There is one attractive general characteristic to be noticed in these poems taken together, namely an appeal to nature to reflect and contrast the workings of the heart of man. His feelings and passions find analogies in the inhuman forces of earth, sky, and sea, and nature is not described independently from man, and for its own sake alone. We attribute to this attitude towards nature a certain freshness and originality of description which is singularly pleasing. The poems are for the most part short lyrics, evidently intended to be set to music and, in fact, almost suggesting some wild, passionate melody. The first poem, by Lermontoff, entitled "The Angel," is familiar to us from Rubinstein's beautiful duet, and the translation of this particular song is not altogether satisfactory. Among the best are "The Troika," from Vyazemski; "Anacreontic," from Pushkin; "A Midsummer Night's Dream," from Maikoff; "The Lie's Excuse," from H.; "The Queen of the Sea," and "The Voyage" (the last of which we quote), from Lermontoff.

Glitters a white, a lonely sail,
Where stoops the grey mist o'er the sea.
What does his distant search avail?
At home, unfound, what leaveth he?
Whistles the wind; the waves at play
Sport round the bending, creaking mast;
Ah! not for Fortune does he stray,
Nor yet from Fortune flees so fast.

* *Renaissance: a Book of Verse.* By Walter Crane. London: Elkin Matthews. 1891.

Rhymes from the Russian. By John Pollen. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1891.

A Devil's Visit, &c. New York: Excelsior Publishing House. 1891.

A Strange Tale of a Scarabaeus. By C. P. Haggard. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1891.

Michael Villiers, Idealist; and other Poems. By E. H. Hickey. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1891.

Diversi Colores. By Herbert P. Horne. London: at the Chiswick Press. 1891.

Poems of Life. By Two Brothers. Oxford: Blackwell; London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

Songs of Universal Life. By M. S. C. Rickards. London and Clifton: Baker & Son. 1891.

'Neath him, like sapphire, gleams the sea;
O'er him, like gold, the sunlight glows;
But storms, rebellious, woeth he,
As if in storms he'd find repose.

The Devil has played many a part in the history of literature, and has been called many bad names, but it has been left to an American journalist, "the editor of the New York Screamer," to represent him in the character of a vulgar Yankee. The mighty monarch of hell may, indeed, feel this to be the hardest cut of all. The idea of the book before us, had it been treated by a poet, might have made the foundation of an effective satire; but we can take no interest in the Devil's sarcasm against the present American Constitution and modern society in general when they are uttered in doggerel verse, full of slang terms, and carried on for the length of some four hundred pages.

A Strange Tale of a Scarabaeus is a strange tale indeed; but, having said this, it is difficult to know what to say next. It is fanciful enough, but scarcely poetical; bold, but not witty. The whole poem reads somewhat like a farce, but the humour of it seems scarcely intended. Its ballad metre gallops on with little regard to grammar or scansion, and the whole wild dream of the Court of Cheops and Queen Nepthe, resuscitated through the agency of the magic Scarab seal found in the tomb of the Pharaohs, begins and ends without point or consistency of tone, and leaves the reader blankly wondering what on earth the author means. The poems at the end of the volume, chiefly of an amorous nature, are also peculiar in their taste and expression. Take, for instance, the following verse:—

When I catch thee, my bright butterfly,
In mine arms, my will o' the wisp,
Though I crush the fresh toilettes and try
Thy corset so crisp,
Aha! I will hold thee, sweet—so!
'Tis useless to struggle or twist,
For kissed are thine eyes like the sloe,
Thy lips also kissed.

The author possesses a certain literary fluency, but his matter and his manner of expressing it will have to undergo a great change before his work will deserve a serious hearing.

Michael Villiers, Idealist, a long poem in blank verse, is a not altogether successful attempt to deal poetically "with the grim problem, poverty and wealth"; but the author is, nevertheless, a man possessed of considerable mental ability and literary skill. The hero is an enthusiastic young Socialist, and the greater part of the poem is devoted to the arguments he holds with friends and relations upon the evils of inequality, and the remedies which Socialism suggests. He possesses all the sincerity and single-mindedness of an enthusiast, but, unfortunately, is not able to fire his verse with such poetic fervour as will carry the reader away. The narrative is not in itself absorbing, and the arguments, if judged from a prose point of view, are neither sufficiently new or forcible to be really interesting. The poem, however, is the work of a thoughtful and healthy mind; and, though we fear that such idealists as Michael Villiers are doomed to disappointments in the world of reality, yet for all time there will be a place for them in the regions of poetry. Of the shorter poems at the end of the volume, "Her Dream" and "Comrades" are, perhaps, the best.

The name of *Diversi Colores* has been appropriately given to a small volume of poems, opening with Christmas and Easter hymns, and ending with a series of passionate love poems. It must be owned that, from a poetical point of view, the last are far the best, and one or two of them—such as "Between the Pansies and the Rye," and "If She be made of White and Red"—are really pretty.

Poems of Life, by Two Brothers, is a volume decidedly above the average of minor verse, and as a first publication is full of promise. The poems treat of a variety of subjects—lyrical, historical, and dramatic. Those dealing with Indian scenes accentuate the fact always harped upon in the tales of Mr. Rudyard Kipling—namely, that India to the Englishman is a grim and terrible workshop, which not even its beauties can render loveable or home-like. This attitude is well expressed in the following lines:—

There is no home in wandering unrest
From plain to plain of never-ending range,
Not though the regions ranked among "the blest,"
And hearts delighted in perpetual change;
There is no home in never-ending toil
'Midst comrades alien of caste and creed,—
But there is home within a British soil,
As hearts the hardest in remembering bleed;
Beyond the murmur of these languorous seas
It lies encircled by our own salt foam,
Then roll ye billows to a spreading breeze,
For homely voices have besought us "Come."

Many of the verses are graceful and scholarly. The dramatic soliloquies are perhaps the least successful, and the translation from the prison scene in *Faust*, at the end of the volume, is scarcely adequate.

Mr. Marcus Rickards, author of *Sonnets and Reveries* and *Creation's Hope*, has still further added to his literary fame by the publication of a volume of poems entitled *Songs of Universal Life*. These new poems are mostly of a lyrical and descriptive nature, and they may well be said to redeem the promise of his earlier

work. His verses have the merit of being the outcome of a genuine freshness of thought and feeling, and are not written solely for the sake of verse-making. The descriptive poems, notably "Nature's Cycle" and "Arno's Vale Cemetery, near Bristol," show a keen love for and observation of nature and considerable grace and charm of expression. They fall short of the highest descriptive poetry only from an absence of human interest and personal individuality, without which such poems fail to stir our hearts or imaginations. "The Ode to Love," one of the longest poems in the book, is the outcome of a singularly thoughtful and refined mind, steeped with a sense of the spiritual background underlying most earthly things.

A THEORY OF THE ILIAD.*

THE French as a rule, in spite of Charles Perrault's early example, have been pretty conservative about the unity of the Iliad. M. Croiset, in a recent work, is otherwise minded; and, following him, Father Gaston Sortais writes his *Ilios et Iliaide*. The Father's work is clear in statement, is vivacious, and perhaps offers the Homeric conservatives as hard a nut to crack as any which has been presented to them. There are drawbacks to its value. The Father makes very few references indeed to German criticism, vexed, perhaps, by the contradictory cock-sureness of many Germans on points where certainty is impossible. As to the labours of Mr. Leaf (with whom he is partly in agreement), we do not observe that the Father ever quotes them at all; while he is equally negligent of Mr. Monro's sound and temperate conclusions. But it is ever thus. In scholarship we are the least insular of peoples. The Germans pay little heed to us, to the French no heed at all. The French (in this case) hardly notice the Germans, and about our work they are silent. It is only we poor insular barbarians who give our minds to the labours of foreigners.

There is an interesting question raised by Father Sortais, rather late in his book (p. 79). In what manner should we read Homer? M. Perrot read the Iliad in a leisurely way, taking three months to it, and was left with an impression of its unity. Ronsard read it in three days, and made no complaints about its "incoherence." Father Sortais says:—"Those who wish to have an opinion of their own should read the Iliad as we have done, should read the twenty-four cantos consecutively, carefully noting the advance and retreat of the action, examining the probability of the invention, and the connexion [enchainement] of the parts, and comparing the characters of the gods and heroes." Very good; but we must add a necessary caution. If the Iliad is, on the whole, one poem, composed by one man, for whom was he working? Not for the reviewer, not for the scholar with his critical microscope, not for a reading audience at all, but for an assembly of ladies and warriors, listening through a series of winter nights to this tale of Troy. He could not have modern criticism in his mind; he had an eager audience of people with ideas of all sorts totally different from ours. Who was to interrupt him, on the fourth night, with the remark that some statement fitted ill with another made on the second night? Who could take offence at flagrant inconsistencies if these were laid by the poet on the shoulders of the gods? Again, conduct on the part of the heroes which, to us, appears inconsistent, would seem perfectly natural to men with totally different ideas. They "could-nae haen eneugh o' fechting," like the famous terrier, and they could not bear to let the Trojan dogs have the best of it, even when the plot demanded a Greek defeat. Once more, it is probable that their ideas of what we may call poetic perspective were much like those of the early Italian painters. Actions might be represented on the same canvas, as it were, though they did not occur simultaneously. Thus, Helen might describe the chiefs to Priam in the tenth year of the war. Thus, the wall and its building might be introduced out of place (as Thucydides notes), just when the poet saw that he was going to need the wall. Scott, in *Guy Mannering* (to the horror of Mr. Louis Stevenson), suddenly drags a damsel and a well into the middle of a wandering sentence, merely because he wants their assistance in the very *crux* of his plot. What Scott did, though he had not only writing materials but proof-sheets and the eye of Ballantyne ever upon him, an early minstrel may be allowed to do. We must remember that, on the evidence of Lady Louise Stuart, clever people attributed *Old Mortality* to several distinct hands, on internal evidence. "If those things be done in the green tree, what may not be done in the dry?" To Father Sortais's recommendations then we add this; in reading the Iliad, remember the poet's audience. It is quite extraordinary that the learned never for a moment think of this, and always argue as if the poet (admitting a single poet) had proof-sheets, critical advisers, and an audience of readers—of readers, too, whose ideas and demands were modern. We do not expect to convert the Homeric heretical Father, nor any of his partisans, but we hope they will admit that our idea of the spirit in which Homer should be read is historically correct. Obviously no other spirit can possibly be fair to the author. We would remind Father Sortais also, that Wolf himself, when he read the Iliad

for pleasure (and it was composed to be heard for pleasure), was no less struck with its harmony than was M. Perrot.

The Father's book begins with an account of the Troad, and of Dr. Schliemann's labours, which we may omit, as we have recently reviewed Dr. Schuchardt's work. Then we come to "The Formation of the Iliad." The Father supposes it to have arisen in Asiatic Greece, after the Dorian invasion of Hellas. Here, like Mr. Leaf, we differ wholly from the learned Father. If the discoveries at Hissarlik and Mycenæ prove anything, they prove that the Iliad is pre-Dorian, a poem of old Achæa. It is enough to refer to Mr. Leaf's introduction to Schuchardt. For the "Æolo Achæans" to take Hissarlik would have been mere child's play, not a war that could suggest an epic of a ten years' siege. As to the early minstrels (pp. 42, 43), we need more precision. They chanted to a listening audience, as the Trouvères did. But, say about 1100 B.C., it is not proved that, though a poet had a listening audience, he had not also a book of his words, like the Trouvères' copy of the *Chanson de Roland*. Bergk admits the possibility of writing before the composition of the epic. But it is not a topic dwelt on by Father Sortais (p. 45). He disbelieves that, before there were *réunions Panhelleniques*, a long poem of twenty-four cantos could have found hearers (p. 46). "The nights are endless," as Eumeus says; Odysseus could have told tales "for a whole year" if there had been wine enough; and whenever drink was plenty and leisure abundant in a chief's hall there a minstrel might have recited the Iliad. To say that an Achæan audience would have been too vivacious to listen, is, indeed, to misconceive the winter leisures of a world which had neither books nor cards, and which revelled in recitations. To Father Sortais's mind, then, the original Iliad must have been short. We have seen that there is no necessity which constrains us to this opinion. The case of the *Kalevala* gives a presumption quite contrary. However, the original short poem was (apparently) Iliad, Books I., XI., XVI., XXII., XXIV. Father Sortais differs from most of his allies if (p. 47) he really includes Book XXIV. For the rest, his scheme is akin to Mr. Leaf's. Unlike Mr. Leaf, he excludes Book II. 1-51, and so saves himself much trouble. From the promise of Zeus to Thetis, that he will grant victory to the Trojans, Father Sortais goes right on to the battle in Book XI., the defeat of the Achæans. All that comes between is inconsistent, is late, is unworthy of the poet. Of course we take the literary objection that Books II.-X. contain many of the finest passages in all poetry. If we agree with the Father, we encounter the old argument that a plurality of such great poets is, like "Peau d'Ane," *difficile à croire*. However, that is a matter of each individual's power to believe. The Father asks, Why is the promise of Zeus so tardy of accomplishment? Merely because the audience could not easily bear a prompt Greek defeat; Homer defers it and defers it, filling the interspace with pictures of heroes. Leap from Book I. to Book XI., and what does the audience know about the characters, especially the Trojan characters? Helen it knows not, nor Paris, nor Priam, nor Hector; the story would be *Hamlet* without Ophelia, or Polonius, or Laertes. Father Sortais, however, will not listen to the suggestion that the poet is deferring his results, and bringing on his characters. As to the inconsistencies of Zeus, the Father says scornfully, "The King of Gods is like the princes of men, is he, and forgets his resolves?" (p. 61). But he admits (p. 313) that the King of the Gods is like the princes of men. That a god should "repent" is not at all an unfamiliar idea in old religions. The truth is that the character of the gods, a mythological medley of utter inconsistencies as it inevitably was, causes almost all the difficulties in the Iliad. No poem in which gods like those of Greece took a hand could possibly seem a perfectly coherent whole to modern critics who disregard the very conditions of mythological belief and epic composition as by that belief affected. This is an excellent instance of the prevalent critical mistake. The opinions, beliefs, and tastes of the audience to whom Homer sung are persistently overlooked by modern Homeric reviewers. Father Sortais expects Zeus to act in accordance with our notion of a deity. If Zeus did so, Homer would cease to be Homer. The Father himself (p. 417) remarks that mythology is "almost always capricious and eccentric." Precisely; but where he finds Zeus eccentric and capricious he argues that this cannot have been part of the original poem. Once more forgetting the conditions of the audience, Father Sortais blames the duel in Book VII. Was there not, earlier in the day, duel, and a parley treacherously interrupted? There was, but that duel, though near enough to the second, as we read, is separated from it by nights and days to the mind of the audience which only listens. That was an audience which no more objected to another picture of a "holm-gang" than the readers of *Lever* or the hearers of a *Saga*. Plenty of fighting of all sorts and varieties, that was what Homer's hearers wanted. On this point, as always, the remarks of Mr. Monro are worthy of attention. Father Sortais then marvels again at the delays of Zeus. "He whose nod can shake vast Olympus is powerless to execute his own decrees." He is careless, rather than powerless; but even his power is perpetually thwarted, just because he is a god of mythology. The interview of Hector and Andromache (Book VI.) is magnificent, is the property of the primitive poet, but—is out of place. Hector entered Troy again after that parting (VII. 310), but then, Homer never tells us that this was his last leave-taking. He might have managed it more artistically; but, if the Iliad is really a much edited and altered piece of composite work, why did not one of the famous "diaskoustas"

* *Ilios et Iliaide*. Par Gaston Sortais, S. J. Paris: Bouillon. 1892.

do what was necessary? These "diaskeuasts" are not more remarkable for what they do than for what they leave undone. Hector does not, as the Father quotes M. Bougot, leave the fight for the city "à un moment critique," for the Achaeans "had given ground and ceased from slaughter, deeming that some immortal had descended from starry heaven to bring the Trojans succour" (VI. 108); and moreover he went in obedience to Helenus the seer, to fulfil an important religious duty. As far as we can see, any other messenger would have done as well; but we are not at the Homeric point of view. Mr. Leaf thinks, doubtfully, that the passage may be by the "original poet"—an addition to his first draft. We really cannot say how Homer altered his own work, as it were, in a second edition; but, as his motive must have been to make Hector counterbalance Achilles, we do not see how he could well fail to set the passion of Andromache against the wrath for Chryseis, and both against the loves of Paris and Helen.

The building of the wall (Book VII. 433, 465) is a notable difficulty, occurring where it does and as it does. We have already attempted to dispose of it as an example of early poetic perspective; to discuss the whole question of the wall would demand a treatment elaborate and minute beyond the limits of our space. As for the tarrying of Patroclus with Nestor, which Father Sortais marvels at, is it so easy to escape out of the hands of an old bore? The Father's conclusion is that the Iliad grew much like Canterbury Cathedral. In his attempt to discover the original epic he admits what Mr. Leaf and most of the Germans reject—the embassy to Achilles—but he thinks it out of place in Book IX. He also admits Book XXIV., and thinks little of the philological objections. Anything can be proved, he thinks, by such elastic arguments (p. 101). The rest of his book contains a prose translation of the original poem, as he conceives it, which is followed by an essay on Homeric theology. We have already remarked that Paris and Helen are almost left out of the "original poem." To Homeric students this is an interesting book; but the task of criticizing the Iliad demands more labour and more frequent notice of German and English work.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE indefatigable Henry Gréville has produced in *L'héritière* (1), if not one of the profoundest or most solid, one of the liveliest, of her recent novels. The heiress, Marcelline Lemartroy, is the daughter of a naval officer who dies suddenly, leaving a sort of vague wish that his child shall not marry one of his own profession. This, somewhat exaggerated in its transmission to her, prevents the dutiful Marcelline or Lina from becoming a lass that loves a sailor (though there is an excellent specimen ready), and almost throws her into the arms of Parisian raté, who very ingeniously keeps himself above ordinary ratédom by requisitioning verses, &c., from Bohemians poorer than himself. How a cabal is formed to defeat his attempts on the wealthy and beautiful Lina, how before it succeeds he himself fails through miscalculation of his betrothed's or half-betrothed's character (he actually wanted to kiss her—his own fiancée!—and she was, like a well-conducted young French person, shocked), and how the final retribution is dramatically, though rather unfairly, accomplished are things deserving to be read. The chief agent is a certain volatile Léo de Favières, whose minor loves with an admiral's daughter, Cécile Barly (chiefly because she has "un nez! un vrai nez! un nez retroussé!"), are very lively, and rather unFrench. It is a capital book, spiritedly carried off, except that the heroine is rather a ninny. The writer who calls herself "Brada" is not quite up to the rather difficult argument of *L'irrémissible* (2). A young man who, not being a rôu nor under the influence of any violent passion, seduces an orphan girl, daughter of a pensioner and humble friend of his mother's, commits an action which, from the point of view of no straitlaced morality, may be called ugly, and which, in a person of his character, is not probable. The subsequent situation between him, his deserted mistress, "Charles" (or at least Louis) "his friend," who wishes (again improbably) to console the mistress in the way of honour, the Lovelace's worldly young wife, and his early love, a grass-widow, Simone de Tallard, might in very strong hands be not unpromising. But the hands of "Brada" are not very strong. The anonymous *Fin d'une âme* (3) is very carefully and not ill written in the stiff modern style, and has passages which seem to indicate the capacity of doing something much better. As it is, it is but one more of the dreary and mistaken echoes of *L'éducation sentimentale*. We should say that the soul of the hero did not so much come to an end as never achieve a beginning. He is a scientific John-a-Dreams, who thinks, or tries to think, the thoughts of Flaubert in the language of Michelet, is remarkably unlucky in his loves, and never succeeds in dominating them, or himself, or anything. The book is, of course, dosed with speech of inconvenient things; but that is nothing nowadays. It is the author's mistake of method, rather than his bad taste in details, that is important. Lastly, the French have yet another mistress-piece of their beloved Ouida (4) before them.

(1) *L'héritière*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(2) *L'irrémissible*. Par Brada. Paris: Plon.

(3) *La fin d'une âme*. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *Sainte-Rosalie aux bois*. Par Ouida. Paris: Perrin.

We have, among other books, a translation by Mlle. Augis (Lécène et Oudin) of Mr. J. A. Symonds's *Study of Dante*, which is very well done. By the way, the translator does not fail to cite Ouida, with George Eliot, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, D. G. Rossetti, &c., as a contemporary English writer who knows Italy. The sixth part of the new French Dictionary which we have more than once noticed (Paris: Delagrave), has appeared, and carries on the work very well. The authors have given special attention to etymology, which is, of course, not merely a craze of the day. Still, we must always hold it a by-work in comparison with the task of properly formulating meanings and supporting them by quotations. If the late and living MM. Hatzfeld, Darmesteter, and Thomas have done the other, they have not left this undone. And we must again praise the typographical arrangement, which is of such great importance in a dictionary. A good deal of miscellaneous and sometimes curious information will be found in the *Itinéraires et souvenirs de voyage* (Bruxelles: Hayez) of M. Edouard Mailly, a pamphlet, but with a great deal of matter in it. The Speaker's wig made a great impression on M. Mailly; and he has been a theatre and opera goer in many countries. A Polish view of the Franco-Russian *entente*, translated from a language which, it is to be feared, not many Westerns read, may be found in *Que deviendront les colonies françaises dans l'éventualité d'un conflit Franco-Russe avec la Triple Alliance?* (Paris: Baudouin). This question is one which Frenchmen certainly had better consider; though such consideration is not what they are most in the habit of giving to political questions. Yet another school-book, *An Intermediate Manual of French Prose Composition*, by H. F. Stuart (Percival), has to be noticed. It looks as though it would be useful.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE book of the travels of M. Verschuur, *At the Antipodes* (Sampson Low & Co.), translated by Mary Daniels, differs not from a large number of modern records of travel in its minute and rather wearisome chronicle of matters a hundred times previously noted, and scarce worth the attention of the maker or the reader of books. The author's impressions of the Australian colonies and New Zealand are in all respects precisely what are to be expected of any intelligent and inquiring foreigner who possesses that "thirst for information" with which he credits the whole tribe of globe-trotters. Still, he ought to know better than to class Monte Video among Brazilian cities (p. 284). But he is seldom interesting in his comments upon the sights he has admired or the colonial minds and manners he has, presumably, studied. His persistent notice of the superficial is something tedious, if not merciless. His style is too much akin to that of the compiler of guide-books. He is a careful observer of steamboat fares, the heights of mountains, the paving of streets, and so forth. He will jot down the important facts that Hobart Town streets are steep, that the Museum is not so good as that of Sydney, and that a statue of Sir John Franklin stands in the middle of the park. It is all very industrious and painstaking in the traveller; yet, somehow, we seem to have read the record before. Few English readers, we fear, can find any refreshment in the book, unless it be in the account of Nouméa and the praise of New Caledonia.

The Rev. H. A. Macpherson's little handbook, *British Birds* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), "Young Collector's" Series, will be found a serviceable open-air companion for the young observing naturalist in his rambles. The descriptive notes are clear, brief, and relevant, the author's aim being to compress as much "ornithological common sense" as was possible in a book for the pocket. Under their natural orders and families 284 species are dealt with. Some of these, such as the Egyptian nightjar, Temminck's stint, Bonaparte's sandpiper, can only be said to be British on the strength of very rare visits. Others might be more common if they were not instantly shot on arrival, or doomed to extermination, like the hen-harrier, the buzzard, the golden oriole, the hoopoe, the golden eagle, and the great northern diver—"butchered to make a muff." Mr. Macpherson, by the way, protests against the destruction in autumn of the young of the goldfinch by a system of "organized ruffianism." He pleads for the extension of the "too-limited close season" to the whole year. We would that might be. But Preservation Acts notoriously do not work. Of the corn-crake, we observe, it is rather oddly said that "many telegraph themselves, on the spring migration," by which Mr. Macpherson probably does not mean that they report themselves. So, it may be said, other night-flying birds "lighthouse themselves" while migrating.

Those Foreign Devils! (Leadenhall Press) comprises the impressions of a Chinese traveller in Italy, France, and England, edited and translated by Mr. W. H. Wilkinson. It seems that we owe this instructive little book to an act of genteel piracy on the part of a friend of the author's, who borrowed the original MS. with the intention of copying it, but was compelled to return it without carrying out his desire. Then he had to transcribe from memory to the best of his ability. Mr. Wilkinson, however, thinks it is almost certain that this odd method of publication was authorized by Yuan Hsiang-Fu, the author, who is described as "a certain stout-hearted magistrate," whose notes on a tour in Europe were jotted down for his own or his friends' amusement, not for ours. Yuan's observations are certainly curiously un-

adorned and ingenuous, though had they appeared without the illustrative comments of the translator the English reader must have failed to grasp their full significance.

The Student's Musical History, by Henry Davey (Curwen & Sons), is an historical sketch of the development of music, in condensed form—a handbook for young beginners, in fact—in which the life-work of the great masters is summarized, with a general review of the successive phases of musical evolution. Even among musicians "ignorance of musical history," which Mr. Davey deplores, is only too common, and undoubtedly, as he rather vaguely asserts, "has a considerable influence upon various practical matters." But Mr. Davey does not appear to realize that the ignorance of music he discovers in the writings of Macaulay, Alison, and Carlyle may be due to indifference, and the indifference the blameless sign of natural incapacity. He is indignant that Carlyle only once refers to Cromwell's musical taste, and omits altogether to mention in his *Frederick* the visit of Bach. It is very easy for the enthusiastic Mr. Davey to say "all children should be taught to sing the chromatic scale," and the improvement of the public "must consist in cultivation of the ear." Unfortunately an "ear" is not among the gifts of a large number of persons. Mr. Davey concludes his little work with an energetic appeal to English composers. He warns them against the "rock of Conventionality." He bids them remember their duties, strike out new lines, and strive after originality. "It is to you, Parry, Mackenzie, Stanford, that I speak." "Very possibly," he proceeds, "some form, now as unimportant as the symphony was before Haydn, may become classical; or some neglected resource (perhaps the harmonium) may be endowed with a rich literature. That will be your opportunity, British composers!" And he winds up with the clarion call, "British Composers—to the Front!" We hope Mr. Stanford will respond by discovering something in the harmonium—or the concertina—unattempted yet by voice or orchestra.

Heroes of the Telegraph, by J. Munro (Religious Tract Society), is a companion volume to the author's *Pioneers of Electricity*, and, like that interesting book, is composed of well-written sketches of the lives of eminent inventors. The story of the electric telegraph, the telephone, and the phonograph is presented in an attractive form by Mr. Munro in the various narratives describing the achievements of Wheatstone, Morse, Sir William Thomson, C. W. Siemens, Fleeming Jenkin, J. P. Reis, Mr. Graham Bell, Mr. Edison, and Mr. David Hughes. The work of Sir William Cooke, so intimately connected with Sir Charles Wheatstone's, receives separate notice in an appendix, where, also, brief accounts are given of Gauss and his protégé, Weber, Alexander Bain, Dr. Ernst Werner Siemens, and Mr. Latimer Clark.

From Messrs. W. & R. Chambers we have two elementary text-books for young students—*Agriculture*, by William T. Lawrence; and a new edition, revised by David Forsyth, of the late Dr. Andrew Findlater's *Physiography*. Both books are preparative in aim, and adapted to the requirements of the examiners of the Science and Art Department. In addition to the South Kensington syllabus and questions, Mr. Lawrence's useful little book is furnished with an independent set of questions bearing directly on the text.

In Messrs. Macmillan's series of "English Classics" Messrs. G. H. Stuart and E. H. Elliot's annotated edition, "mainly for the use of Indian students," of Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Cantos i.-vi., is conveniently issued in one volume.

In Messrs. Percival's "English Classics for Schools," of which Mr. Glazebrook is the general editor, we notice Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, vol. i., with notes and introductions by Mr. Morice. This little book is designed for "Grade I." of the series, and comprises nineteen "lessons," drawn from the first two cantos. For "Grade II.," intended for "ordinary boys between 13 and 16 years of age," Mr. R. P. Horsley deals in more elaborate fashion with Longfellow's *Evangeline*, providing notes on the text that are, on the whole, excellent, and discussing the metre in brief terms and discreet.

The photographs by Mr. Alfred Ellis—*Souvenir of L'Enfant Prodigue*—of the admirable French comedians of the Prince of Wales's Theatre are what are called "good likenesses," though of unequal artistic merit. Owing to the lighting, apparently, they insist unduly on the "make up" of the actors. That of the accomplished Mlle. Jane May is decidedly unfortunate. Nor is M. Gouget's altogether pleasing. That of M. Courtès is better; Mme. Schmidt and the imposing M. Arcueil "come out" best of all, and are indeed excellent portraits.

Whether Emerson is a popular writer is a little doubtful. He may, of course, be read of the million, by the issue of the new cheap "Library of Literary Treasures," of which *Representative Men and English Traits* is the first instalment. These essays are printed from small, yet clear, type, in pages of double columns. Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co. are the publishers, and Mr. G. T. Bettany supplies a short introduction.

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we have received new editions of *The Countess Eee*, by J. H. Shorthouse; *Living or Dead*, by Hugh Conway; *Sermons out of Church*, by Mrs. Craik, and *The Book of Praise*, by Lord Selborne.

We have also received a revised edition of Mr. John Rae's *Contemporary Socialism* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), with additional chapters on Nihilism and the present position of Socialism; *A Marked Man*, by Ada Cambridge, new edition (Heinemann); Professor Thorold Rogers's *Economic Interpretation of History*,

new edition (Fisher Unwin); Vol. VI. of *The New Popular Educator* (Cassell & Co.); the "Aldine" edition of *Gray* (Bell & Sons), edited by John Bradshaw, LL.D.; a new edition of Mr. Thomas Greenwood's *Public Libraries* (Cassell & Co.); a new and revised edition of Mr. Clodd's *Childhood of Religions* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *A Guide to the Criminal Law*, by Charles Thwaites, third edition (Barber); and the second edition of Mrs. Jerome Mercier's practical manual of guidance for "girls in the choice of employment," *Work, and How to Do It* (Wells Gardner & Co.).

The Author of "Deck-Chair Stories," noticed in the SATURDAY REVIEW last week, is Mr. Richard Pryce, not Richard Davies.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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